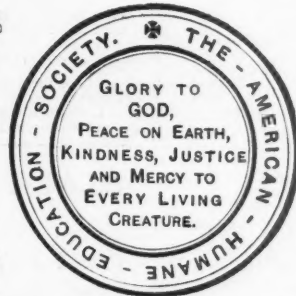


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, August, 1890.

No. 3.



Summer.

This beautiful cut appeared on an inside page of our last issue, but by reason of hot weather, or some other cause, was so unsatisfactorily printed that we determined it should appear again. We mean, so far as our efforts can go, that no paper in the world of its size shall be more beautiful or interesting than ours.

The Over-refinement of Philanthropy.

Under the above title we find in a Boston paper the first criticism we have seen in the *thousand or more notices* of "*Black Beauty*" given by the American Press. The writer, admitting that it is "*a very charming book*," argues that horses enjoy being compelled by whip and spur to make ten-mile runs at their utmost speed, and jump ditches, fences, hedges, etc., at the risk of breaking their legs as "*Black Beauty's*" brother did, and then being shot; and that *depriving men of such sports makes them weak and effeminate*.

In "*The Recollections of General Grant*," recently sent us by its author, Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and which now lies on our table, we find that *General Grant* venerated his mother, loved his family, and seemed happiest when surrounded by his devoted and loving wife, children, and grandchildren; *but he could never be induced to attend a horse race*.

It occurs to us also that we have read many times of the *remarkably extreme tenderness* for dumb animals shown by that hero of modern Italy, *Garibaldi*.

We doubt whether the young man who, in *pursuit of a harmless and frightened hare*, rode "*Black Beauty's*" brother to its and his own death, would have fought more bravely for his country than either of the men above named.

There is a vast difference between *brutality* and *courage*.

What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize-fighter, we have too much of that already, but the courage of *General Grant* and *Garibaldi*,—the courage which has led thousands—when there was need—to die, *not only on battlefields, but in yellow fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross.*

Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What oxygen is to the air, cheerfulness is to the home.

BLACK BEAUTY.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Horse.

At last accounts 103,000 copies of "Black Beauty" had been sold in London, England.

We have, up to July, printed 70,000 copies here, and expect to print *more than a million.*

It is a book of 260 beautifully printed pages.

We print in *three editions*, namely:—

(1) Bound in "Boards," costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(2) Bound in "Terra Cotta" paper, costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(3) "Half Price" edition, bound in "Old Gold" paper, costing (6) cents at our offices and (10) cents sent by mail.

The *first two editions* sell at bookstores and news-stands at (25) cents a copy, and the "Half Price" edition at (15) cents a copy.

The cost of sending several hundreds by express or fast freight *averages from half a cent to a cent a copy.*

Following the example of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Boston, gentlemen and ladies in different parts of the country have bought many thousands to be given to drivers, children, and others in their respective cities and towns.

Following the example of our own little niece, children in various parts of the country have been doing good and making lots of money by buying and selling at above prices.

Large numbers have already been put in *public schools* and *Sunday schools.*

Address Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk St., Boston.

"Black Beauty."

Boston Public Schools.

The School Committee of Boston, by unanimous vote on June 24th, adopted "*Black Beauty*" as supplementary reading in *all the Boston Grammar Schools.*

IN THE HAY-LOFT.

Up in the hay-loft—kitten and I!
With a window open to the sky,
Curtained with boughs of the chestnut trees
That toss and sway in the cool west breeze.

The dome of the sky with a cloud is lined,
And the rain comes down when it has a mind,
Pelting the leaves of the chestnut-tree:
Never the rain can touch kitten and me.

Up in the hay-loft—kitten and I!
The hay behind us is mountain high;
The beams across are dusty enough;
Darkness broods in the peak of the roof.

In pearly lines the daylight falls
Through the chinks of the boarded walls;
The air is fragrant with clover dried,
Brake and daisies, and things beside.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

Probably no book has ever appeared in America which has received such universal, uniform, and unanimous praise from both the secular and religious press in all parts of the country.

We could fill a whole paper with extracts like the following:—

"Miss Anna Sewall's delightful book."—*New York Evening Post.*

"No wonder it has had so large a sale across the ocean."—*The New York Critic.*

"This book has the fascination of a story, the truthfulness of an essay, and the moral sincerity of a sermon."—*New York Independent.*

"The influence of this book will be strong among the millions on this side the ocean as well as on the other."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"The story is told with all the fascination of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."—*Salem (Mass.) Register.*

"One of the most interesting and instructive books ever published."—*Plymouth (Mass.) Sentinel.*

"Will delight the refined, and the simple can understand it."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Will do more for horses than tracts, speeches, or newspaper articles."—*Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.*

"Mr. Angell thinks 'Black Beauty' will do for dumb animals what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the slave. We agree with him."—*Christian Witness.*

"Many a boy will spend a spare hour in the hayloft reading this story, and will learn courage, patience, and good-will from the brave, kind creature—a book which it is an honor to have written and a pleasure to read."—*Portland Daily Press.*

"Intensely interesting."—*Ohio State Journal.*

"A most charming book."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"Deserves a wide circulation."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"Rightly called the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the Horse."—*Philadelphia Star.*

"Full of interest and instruction."—*Baltimore Methodist.*

"We wish this book could find its way into every home in the land."—*Daily Democrat, Natchez, Mississippi.*

"A book to be enjoyed by old and young."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Every lover of the horse should read."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Magnificent and philanthropic volume."—*Iowa Normal Monthly, June, 1890.*

"If you buy, be sure and loan to all your friends."—*Indiana School Journal.*

Queer little spiders drop down from on high;
Softly we welcome them—kitten and I!
Swallows chirp in a lazy strain
Between the showers of the summer rain.

Let the rain come down from the clouded sky,
We're quiet and cosy—kitten and I!
We muse and purr and think out a rhyme,
And never know what has become of time.

People down there in the world below,
They toil and moil, and get dinner and sew;
Up in the hay we lazily lie;
We have no troubles—kitten and I!

Kitten purrs and stretches and winks,
She does n't speak, but I know what she thinks:
Never a king had a throne so high,
Never a bird had a cosier nest;
There is much that is good, but we have the best—
Kitten, kitten and I! *St. Nicholas.*

"A masterly production."—*Oakland (Cal.) Daily Tribune.*

"One of the most remarkable and touchingly interesting books we have ever had in our hands."—*Aiken (South Carolina) Recorder.*

"We wish it might be placed in every 'Loyal Temperance Legion' library."—*Union Signal, Chicago.*

"All who have any love for mercy, justice, and fair-play will read this book with enjoyment and profit."—*Golden Rule, organ of the over eleven thousand Societies of Christian Endeavor.*

"The first gospel of the correct treatment of the horse."—*Albany (N. Y.) Press.*

"There is no volume a wide diffusion of which would be as useful."—*Toledo Blade.*

"A capital book, a decided hit, a perfect treasure for all societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The American Humane Education Society of Boston honors itself by its publication."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"We are glad to receive a copy of this delightful book."—*Sunday School Magazine, Nashville, Tenn.*

"Will interest young readers and old."—*Sunday School Times, Philadelphia.*

"Touches a tender chord in every human breast."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian Observer.*

"Exceedingly interesting."—*The Maryland Churchman.*

"We do not wonder that 90,000 copies of this book have been sold in England."—*Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder.*

"No more useful or entertaining book can be put into the hands of boys and girls."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"We advise our readers to not only read the book from cover to cover, but also to read what is on the covers."—*The New Christian (Swedenborgian), Philadelphia.*

"Intensely interesting."—*Mississippi Southern Baptist.*

"Every man, woman, and child should read this book."—*Educational Journal, Richmond, Virginia.*

"This book is exceedingly interesting, and we hope every subscriber to this paper will buy and read. They will never spend twenty cents in a more satisfying investment."—*Columbia (S. C.) Daily Register.*

"Deserves to be universally read, and the philanthropic should aid The American Humane Education Society in distributing for nothing to those who will not buy."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy. Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge.



Costing at our Offices, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.



SAVED HIS LIFE.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE SON OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE ST. JAMES
SAVED FROM DROWNING.

The three-year-old son of Captain Burnham of the barkentine St. James had a most miraculous escape from drowning on Tuesday morning. The St. James is lying alongside at Green-street wharf. The child was playing with a large Newfoundland dog on the poopdeck when he rolled overboard into the bay. No one saw the accident, but the faithful dog jumped into the water after the boy. When the child arose to the surface for the second time the dog grabbed him by the jacket and kept his head above water. The dog, with his precious charge, was in the water for over half an hour. He swam around the ship four times, but no one went to his assistance. A number of laborers who had gathered on the dock saw that the dog had something in his mouth, but they could not make out what it was. They threw stones at the faithful creature and he swam around to the other end of the vessel.

One of the men with more sense than the others whistled, and the dog swam back to the end of the dock, still clinging to the child. It was then discovered that he had the boy in his teeth, and ready hands went forth to his assistance. By this time the child had been missed from the ship, and he was being hunted for high and low. Word was sent to the captain that the dog had been swimming about, and a boat was lowered and the child was rescued. — *San Francisco Call*.

RELIGIOUS DOGS.

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller, who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago, found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppy-hood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal-time, the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed head. Not one stirs until the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over, an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

"I MUST GO TO WILLIE."

During the late war there was a woman in Maine who received a letter which ran thus: "Willie is sick; he is dying." The mother read the letter, and looking up to her husband, said: "Father, I must go to Willie." "No, wife; you cannot go," he replied. "You know there is a line of bayonets between you and Willie." She did what the Christian mother always does when her boy is in peril. She spread that letter before the Lord and prayed all night. Next morning she said, "Father, I must go to Willie. I must." "Well, wife," he said, "I do not know what will come of this, but of course, if you will go, there is the money." She came down here to Washington, and the man in the Executive Mansion, who had a heart as tender as a woman's,—Abraham Lincoln,—brushed away a tear as he wrote, and handing her a paper said, "Madam, that will take you to the enemy's line, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell."

She took the paper and came down to the line and the picket; she handed him the pass, and he looked at it and at her, and said, "We don't take that thing here." "I know it," she said; "but Willie, my boy, is dying in Richmond, and I am going to him. Now shoot!" He did not shoot, but stood awed and hushed in the presence of a love that is more like God's than any other that surges in the human soul in its deathless unselfishness.

All that mother thought of was her boy. Smuggled through the lines, she went down to the hospital. The surgeon said to her, "Madam, you must be very careful; your boy will survive no excitement." She crept past cot after cot, and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands prayed in smothered tones: "O God, spare my boy." The sick man raised his white hands from under the sheet; the sound of his mother's voice had gone clear down into the valley and shadow of death, where the soul of the young man was going out in its ebbing tide. Raising his hand he said, "Mother, I knew you would come." That boy is a man to-day, saved by a mother's love.

It is the same deathless mother's love that has knocked at the doors of the schools through State legislatures, and is to-day knocking at the door of our national Capitol, asking that the boys may be saved. We women lay down at the cradle our youth, our beauty, our talents, anything, everything, to the little bit of humanity there. We cannot help it. It is God's providence for the child; and may it not likewise be God's providence for the nation that has roused the heart of women and called the deathless love of mother tide to participate in this great movement. If we save the children to-day we shall have saved the nation to-morrow. — *The Progressive Age*.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1890.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month one hundred and seventy-five new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of eight thousand one hundred and fifty-seven.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

With the aid of our American Humane Education Society, we send this paper to all the editors of America, north of Mexico.

HUMANE EDUCATION.

(From Home Visitor, Chicago.)

The American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, a three-fold Boston organization, have adopted very practical and efficient means of creating interest in their work. A prize of \$100 was awarded some time ago for the best college essay on the "Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime." Next a prize of \$300 was offered to all American editors for the best essay on the same subject. A prize of \$100 was offered to the higher grade pupils in each of the Boston public and parochial schools, for the best essay on the importance of kindly treating the lower animals, and a special prize of \$100 for the best of these \$100 essays. To widen out still further the competition, 2,000 prizes, consisting of a beautiful bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals," were also offered to the pupil in each of 1,000 public and Sunday schools who would during six months, by kind acts and words, do the most to make human beings and dumb animals happier, was inducement to create general interest in the humane work carried on by the above societies. While restrictive laws and watchful officers may prevent much cruelty practised on the brute creation, the only effective remedy is a general uplifting of humane sentiment toward all beings, rational and irrational. Kindness to one order of animal life will induce kindness to every other.

THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE" ON DOCKED HORSES.

From the "Tribune" of June 28 we cut the following:—
Mr. Oscar W. Gleason, the horse-tamer, one evening during his recent exhibitions in this city, turned into the ring a "bob-tail" horse and said, with an air of pity, "There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the Legislature of the State of New York, and for that matter of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases perhaps about a couple of hundred Anglomaniacs who drive in Central Park, and displeases the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 Americans. Let us show England that we have some original ideas of our own about horses, as well as about government." Every one present cheered the speaker heartily.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in June.

Whole number, 246; prosecuted, 15. Animals taken from work, 36; horses and other animals killed, 34.

By Country Agents, Second Quarter, 1890.

Whole number, 458; prosecuted, 38. Animals taken from work, 136; killed, 142.

THE FOREPAUGH SHOW.

We take the following from the Boston Daily Evening Transcript of June 24th:—

A CHANGE PROMISED—THE FOREPAUGH PONY ECLIPSE NO LONGER TO JUMP THROUGH PAPER BALLOONS.

Although the Forepaugh show has gone, the following letters are interesting:—

To the Editor of the Transcript: Complaints were made at our offices last week that the trapeze act as performed by the pony at the Forepaugh exhibition was cruel. I instructed my chief prosecuting agent, Captain Currier, to send officers to notify Mr. Forepaugh, and to send officers to the performance. The following answer to Captain Currier's letter will interest some of your readers.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOSTON, June 21, 1890.

Mr. Charles A. Currier, special agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 18th, addressed to Adam Forepaugh, Jr., has been referred to me. I regret exceedingly that anything should have occurred at our exhibition that required your official notice, as I have always sympathized with the purposes of your society, and have always endeavored to practise the kindest methods of dealing with horses and other animals. The injury sustained by the pony Eclipse was purely accidental. The little animal had been making the jump regularly, twice a day, for three seasons, and this was the first time he ever met with the slightest mishap. His injuries are only temporary, and he will be fully recovered by the end of the week.

Your suggestion that the jump through the paper balloon is unnecessary strikes me as being a good idea, and it will be abandoned when the pony performs the act again.

The writer is a member of your society in his place of residence, Philadelphia, and always discountenances cruelty to animals, and endeavors to prevent it elsewhere, as well as in his own business.

Trusting this may be satisfactory, I remain, yours very truly,
JAMES E. COOPER,
Proprietor Adam Forepaugh's Show.

THE SPARROW AGAIN.

We are receiving letters from different parts of the country in defence of the sparrow. A New York lady writes of her long observation of sparrows eating in perfect harmony with other birds, in some cases driven away by other birds, but never driving other birds away.

Miss Soule, teacher of the kindergarten school, Gorham, N. H., gives similar testimony.

But nothing has come to us more important than the following, which we take from the "Boston Evening Transcript" of June 30th:—

STRONG EVIDENCE FOR THE SPARROW.

BOSTON, June 30, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President: My dear Sir,—My boy, Jack H. Bowles, this morning shot, on my grounds in Canton, an English sparrow. I found five borers (the worm that destroys our fruit trees) in his mouth. I have opened him and found in his stomach a caterpillar and other worms.

A. G. BOWLES.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowles have brought to my office this morning the sparrow with the live worms squirming in his mouth.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

We are glad to find in "The Florida Times Union" that the Florida Society P. C. A. has passed a resolution recommending "All the good people of the State to put 'Black Beauty' into schools and Sunday schools, and into the hands of every child and young person, believing that the reading of it will accomplish much towards doing away with crimes of violence and cruelty both to animals and to men."

TERRIBLE CRUELTY ON THE PLAINS.

On July 12th we received a letter from our esteemed correspondent, N. B. Wilkinson, Esq., district attorney of LaMoore county, North Dakota, in which he says: "A cattleman recently told me that he rode last winter forty miles on a road where he was never out of sight of dead cattle, starved and frozen."

No Rain for Months.

CATTLE DYING FOR WANT OF GRASS AND WATER.

Topeka, Kan., July 10th.—All through New Mexico, Arizona, some parts of Colorado, and also in Old Mexico, no rain has fallen for months, and thousands upon thousands of range cattle are lying dead in the parched valleys, and thousands more are dying for want of grass and water. The extreme drought of this year in this country has dried up the grass, and what little water there is so remote from the grazing districts that the cattle cannot get to it. A correspondent riding over the Arizona and New Mexico Railway counted nearly one thousand of these dead cattle lying along the track in a distance of two miles, and that only on one side of the road.—Boston Evening Transcript, July 10th.

The above raises two important questions:—

(1) Whether these tens or hundreds of thousands of dead cattle may not produce a pestilence more fatal than the grippe.

(2) Whether any man has a right to attempt to raise cattle where there is no water in summer and no food or shelter in winter.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"A Hell of Animal Torture."

Robert Ingersoll, in his recent letter widely published by the American Press, calls Vivisection "The Hell of Science."

Whether he has overstated we shall probably have reliable means of judging when the \$500 prizes, offered by our "American Humane Education Society" for best essays on the subject, shall have been awarded.

But there is a "Hell of Animal Torture" on our Western plains, where in winter, and sometimes in summer, hundreds of thousands of cattle die of slow starvation.

Our "American Humane Education Society," by sending this paper monthly, and other humane literature, to every editor in America North of Mexico, and forming its "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy," is trying to arouse in the whole nation a humane sentiment which shall stop such abominations.

I now have in contemplation a plan to raise in the Fall a special fund which shall be expended in sending reliable agents to travel over our Western, North Western, and South Western plains, and gather reliable statistics, and then place them, with all their horrible details, before the American Government and the American people.

If Divine Providence shall make the fund large enough, I will also send other agents to inspect all the leading slaughter-houses of the country and the great routes of animal transportation, where most cruelty is likely to be found, and so gather a great mass of information which shall arouse the whole country, and lead to practical measures to protect public health by stopping the enormous cruelties now inflicted on dumb animals in transportation and slaughtering.

While I do not intend to press this matter until Fall, yet as life is always uncertain I would be glad to have our friends who can afford it send our "American Humane Education Society" contributions for this purpose, to be credited, as received, in this paper.

Checks may be made payable to my order or the order of our Treasurer, Hon. H. O. Houghton, senior partner of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

THE BOSTON POLICE.

(From "Boston Record," June 28th.)

Passing along Washington Street a few days ago I witnessed a sight which would have pleased President Angell of the S. P. C. T. A. if he had been there to see it, and would have shown him that his distribution of humane periodicals among the police has not been without good effect. A cabman was sitting contentedly upon his vehicle when two policemen approached, and noticing that his horse's head was checked up in a cruel manner, one of them sharply asked him why he did not give the horse more freedom. The driver seemed to mistake the question for a command, and with a few mutters descended from his perch and sulkily freed the animal's head. *Verily the sight of blue coats and brass buttons is a power for good if properly directed, and the old adage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," etc., seems to retain considerable virtue still.*

[We send each month over six hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals" to Boston policemen, and think it money well invested.—EDITOR.]

KIND LETTERS.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON, June 30, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Enclosed please find my check for one hundred dollars for your beautiful humane educational work, which has widened my horizon more than many hours of other reading and many years of travel.

May the dear Lord keep you underneath his everlasting arms.

Sincerely yours,

ANGELINA G. K. CHAMPLIN.

We also acknowledge receiving a kind letter from Mrs. Charles E. Ware, enclosing for our American Humane Education Society a check for two hundred dollars, and another from Mrs. Schlesinger, of Southwood, Brookline, enclosing a liberal donation to the same object.

CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

In relation to our suggestion in July "Our Dumb Animals" that somebody should offer prizes for the best essays for and against female suffrage, as our "American Humane Education Society" has for the best essays for and against vivisection, a good Christian lady writes us that she thinks that with all the cares and responsibilities now resting upon our wives and mothers, female suffrage would be "cruelty to women."

Though in the crowded columns of our little paper we have no space for discussions of this subject, we cheerfully give place to the above thought.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Dr. Andrew H. Smith, in the "New York Tribune" of June 28, tells of the power of imagination, etc., and then writes:—

"Now all this could be saved if only the dog had not been killed. A mad dog never lives more than a few days, three or four at most. If the dog is living four days after a person is bitten it is absolutely certain that the person will not have hydrophobia. But if the dog is killed the sufferer is at once abandoned to all the horrors of anticipated madness. To a person bitten the preservation of the dog's life is worth more than the wealth of the world. When will the public learn how stupid it is to destroy the animal? Will not the authorities take some steps to prevent this folly?"

ANDREW H. SMITH.

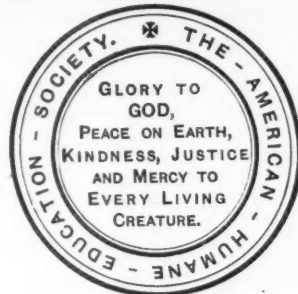
"Elberon, N. J., June 23, 1890."

To the above we add the following from the same "Tribune":—

"I should like to say a few words on the subject of dogs and dog bites. I am a lover of animals, especially of dogs. There are six dogs lying around my feet while I write. Three belong to a neighbor, three are mine. Two of them I took off the street, 'old and sick,' six years ago. In their day they had been valuable.

"I have been bitten by dogs repeatedly, once severely. A pet dog of a neighbor's was very sick, and I was attempting to relieve it. It bit me. The owner talked of hydrophobia, and said that the dog had not tasted water for two weeks. Had I been afraid, I should no doubt have taken nervous fits and died. The verdict would have been 'hydrophobia.' But I simply applied a solution of 'salt and vinegar,' a little more vinegar than salt, washed the wound with it, then tied a clean rag around the thumb, keeping it saturated well with the solution, and moved the rag, so that a fresh part covered the wound, at intervals. This remedy was once applied to my wrist by a colored woman, in the South, for a snake bite. My arm was then black, hard, and painful. The remedy acted like a charm. In two hours the discoloration had disappeared, and with it the pain, and only the needle-mark where the fang had entered was visible.

"Again, I was bitten by a weasel in the Grand Central Depot. A girl had it in a bag and had placed it on a seat next to mine, remarking that it was a kitten. I placed my hand on it. Quicker than thought, a couple of teeth punctured the joint of my left forefinger to the bone. I compelled the girl to tell me what was in the bag. My finger was badly swollen and painful before I reached home, some hours after. I used the same simple remedy, with the same speedy result. I have also applied it successfully in other cases."



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON,
Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, March, 1889, with power to hold half a million dollars free from taxation.

Its objects are to establish Humane Societies for the protection of dumb animals and human beings all over this continent, and to carry humane education into every American school and home. In its first year it founded in Western States fourteen new "Humane Societies" and four hundred and sixty-six new "Bands of Mercy," offered prizes to the students in all our American colleges, also to all American editors, for best essays on the Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime, employed an active missionary, and sent nearly a hundred thousand copies of humane publications into every State and Territory except Alaska.

It has just published an American edition of an English book entitled *Black Beauty*, "the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Horse," of which over a hundred thousand copies have been already sold in England.

Of this book it has already printed 60,000 copies to be given to drivers, teamsters, etc.; and to be sold to others at the bare cost of printing.

It would like, if it had the means, to distribute a million copies of this book over the country.

The Society's field is only limited by the funds placed at its disposal. It can wisely use as many thousands of dollars yearly as the friends of humanity will contribute. Calls for help are constantly coming from noble workers in all parts of the country, who are manfully battling injustice, wrong, and cruelty, sometimes at great odds, and need all the help the Society can give them.

It could use \$200,000 a year in employing missionaries, sending out literature, and founding "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy," if it had the means.

Persons wishing further information are respectfully invited to address the undersigned.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have received "The Miner's Dog, and Other Tales," a beautiful little tract of ten pages, price 25 cents a dozen at office, 28 cents sent by mail, \$1.50 per 100; express charges extra. Also a little leaflet, "The Horse's Petition," etc., price not given. Published by Woman's Branch of S. P. C. A., 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Write the Secretary, 1701 Chestnut Street, for samples.

We are glad to see that "Golden Rule Band of Mercy," of Philadelphia, No. 7718 of our bands, is setting a good example to all other bands by endeavoring to secure more watering troughs for animals.



An Eight-Year-Old Book Agent.

ALICE WOODWARD, OF NEW YORK CITY, WHO SUPPORTS HER MOTHER, WHO IS NEARLY BLIND, BY SELLING "BLACK BEAUTY."

By kind permission of "The New York World" we present to our readers the above picture and the following account which appeared in that paper, June 26th:—

"A very unique little woman came into The World office yesterday afternoon. She was full of business. Under her arm was a large square package, and in her hand she carried a book. She said her name was Alice Woodward, and that she was eight years old.

"I am selling," she said, "this well-known book, 'Black Beauty: His Grooms and Companions.' It is a book which proposes to do for horses what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the slaves. It is published by the American Humane Education Society, and is only twenty-five cents a copy. Would n't you like to buy one? I can guarantee that you will get your money's worth."

It took only a few minutes for word to be spread through The World office that an eight-year-old book agent had invaded its precincts. The little one was surrounded by a crowd in almost no time. She sold a dozen of her books in very short order. Then she was turned over to a reporter who had charged himself with interrogatories. In addition to stating her name and age, Alice gave her address.

"But please don't print that," she said. "I think we'd prefer not to have it known to the public."

Alice's mamma, it was learned, is an actress, and little Alice herself has played on the stage. They last appeared in Cleveland in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Alice taking the part of Eva and her mother that of Eliza.

"We have n't played for some time," said Alice, "because my mother has trouble with her eyes. She was blind nine weeks last winter, and her eyes are not well yet. I am supporting both of us now by selling these books."

"Are there any others in your family?"
"No; my father and brothers and my grandparents are all dead. There are only mother and I left."

"Do you belong in New York, or where do you call your home?"

"Well, you see," replied the little book agent, with a wise look, "I've never really belonged anywhere. We've always been travelling. We've made our home wherever we happened to be."

"Please don't give any address," said Alice, with an appealing nod of her little business head, "because if you did other people might send and get the books to sell, and that would spoil my business."

We have supplied Alice with hundreds of copies of "*Black Beauty*," and have written her that when she has supplied everybody in the city of New York with a copy of "*Black Beauty*," she can canvass for "*Our Dumb Animals*," and from every fifty cent subscription she obtains keep twenty-five.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Leo's Story.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

I am a young dog. My name is Leo. My master's name is *Fred Gray*. He is a good boy, and always has played with me when I asked him, but lately no amount of coaxing can induce him to leave a book he is reading. So, feeling disappointed, I went to his friend *Ned Fuller*, who is a very jolly fellow, but he also had a book from which he never once lifted his eyes, so I bounded back to *Grandpa Gray*, who sometimes throws my ball for me to catch. Well, I never! he also was reading, and only looked up to say, "*Go away, Leo, that's a good dog.*" I walked down the street to a cottage where a woman lives who loves animals very much. She held a book in her hand, and was talking to a neighbor.

I heard her say, "*It's a book that ought to be in every home in the land.*"

I wagged my tail. Oh how she laughed, as she said to her friend, "*See; that dog knows what I am talking about.*"

But I did n't. She gave me a bone, and I trotted home. Fred had gone to school, so his mother came out and gave me some water.

She said to *Grandpa Gray*, "*It's a fine book, and I am glad I bought so many copies.*"

Now, I did want to know about that book every one was reading or talking about. After I had tried in vain to solve the riddle, I went to see *Carlo Deane*. He looked so wise I thought he must know something about the book, so I asked him.

"*Why, Leo,*" he said, "*don't you know what the story is about?*"

Just then a man came riding in a tipcart and beating his horse so hard. Mrs. Deane called to him and made him stop. She went into the house, and brought out a book and gave him. "*Read it, every word of it,*" she said. *The man promised, and drove on.*

"*Carlo,*" I said, "*that book must be as good as the Bible, to make everybody so interested in it.*"

"That's a fact," answered Carlo. "Let's go and see old '*Dan Bates*;' he's wise and can perhaps tell us all about it."

So we ran as fast as our feet could carry us.

"Where's Dan," asked Carlo of a woman who sat on the doorstep reading,—yes, the same book.

"Go home," she said, never even lifting her eyes from its pages.

"No, we don't," said Carlo to me in a very low tone.

Just then Dan came round the corner of the house, looking very wise. The woman seemed so interested she did not notice us, so we asked Dan what the book was about. At that instant his master whistled for him.

"Some other time," said Dan; and he ran to his master.

There was nothing left for us but to go back. The man in the tipcart was returning with a load of sand. He was reading, and so absorbed he did not notice us, nor the horse, who stopped to nibble some grass by the roadside.

"Well, Carlo," I said, "we don't get much light on the subject."

"Wait," he answered; "folks never lose anything by waiting."

"Except when a big dog has got your bone and eats all but a crumb," I answered.

"Good for you, Leo."

We went home. I took a long nap. When I awoke Fred was back from school and ready to play with me. Oh how I barked. I tossed his cap into the air; he ran over the lawn till the gardener said,—

"Come, come, this will never do; the grass will be spoiled."

"No, it won't," said Fred.

"No, no," I barked till out of breath and the bell rang for dinner.

While waiting for the family to dine, Dan came along. "Bow-wow," he said; "I've come to tell you about the book."

"A man came to my mistress to-day after you had gone, and he said a man had driven his horse so hard he fell dead on the street. She ran into the house and brought a copy of that book and gave it to the man."

"Now it must be something about animals."

"That's so," I said. At that moment Jip Skinner came running, all out of breath.

"What's the matter, Jip," I asked.

"You look as though you had just come from a funeral," remarked Dan.

Jip gave a low whine and said,—

"I have not had a frolic or a walk with my mistress for three days."

"Is she ill?" asked Dan.

"No; she's reading a book."

"The same one," we both exclaimed, and barked so loud that *Grandpa Gray* came out and sent Dan and Jip home, and told me to go in and get my dinner. I intended to go and see Jip that afternoon, but I had such a long nap it was too late, and Fred took me to the river, and there was not time after that.

The next morning Dan came and said he had found out all about it.

Every one was reading a book called "*BLACK BEAUTY*," and they were so interested in it that they forget to play with their dogs. Carlo came into the yard, and Dan explained it to us. We were very glad, and rejoiced that a lady had written such a book. We hope all who read it will be more kind to animals, and never forget to feed and care for their dogs as well as their horses. LEO.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

From Mr. Angell, our good friend of the American Humane Education Society, we have a book that I wish might be in every library in the land. Mr. Angell calls it "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse." Its name is "*Black Beauty*;" it was first published in England, where already over ninety thousand copies have been sold. It is a story, and just as interesting as you ever read; and running through all the story is the thread of kind treatment to animals, in the form of directions as to how to manage horses, how to "break" them kindly, what to do and what not to do in taking care of them. Send twenty cents to the office of the society, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass., and get the book. After you have read it, I am almost sure you will like it so well that you will want other people to read it too. If so, write to Mr. Angell at the same address, and ask him what terms you can get as agent for the book. I know of several children who are doing a good thing for themselves, for those who buy the book, and for horses, in this way.—*Young Crusader, Chicago.*

NOT WHOLLY ORNAMENTAL.

Every seat in the North State Street car was taken and four or five persons were standing. One of the latter was a young woman, who stood near the middle of the car. A tall young man, rather too slim for his height from an athletic point of view, rose from his seat near the rear door and stepped forward to inform the young woman, who was looking the other way, that there was a seat for her. As he did so a man dropped into it.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, "I didn't get up to give you a seat."

"But I got it," said the man.

"I intended it for the young lady," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," retorted the other with a sneer.

He was the bigger man, but the young fellow's hands descended on his shoulders and he was on his feet and on the platform before he knew it.

"Conductor! Conductor!" he cried; but the conductor had a far-away look in his eye and was interested in something going on down the street. The man was in the street before he had time to call out again.

The hero—for he was a hero in the eyes of the passengers by this time—re-entered the car, and lifting his hat politely said,—

"Madam, there's a seat for you."

And the passengers were so tickled that they actually began to clap their hands. The young man simply smiled and said:—

"College athletics are of some value now and then."

Then he leaned up against the front door and became absorbed in a paper, while the women watched him admiringly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MOVING-TIME.

Birds have their regular moving-time, as uniform as many other householders, but they have the advantage of being their own furniture vans, and not having anything to move but themselves. Blessed birds! Who would not be a bird when they have to change and make a new home? and yet it is some trouble to them.

Nearly all birds are migratory, but some, as the sparrow and robin, remain with us during the winter, but even they, with rare exceptions, love to change their nests, and either make new ones out and out, or tear their old ones to pieces and freshen them up.

Their instinct tells them when to get ready to leave the warm climate where they have been spending the winter, and by some understanding they all start together on their journey, sometimes of hundreds of miles, over land and over seas, for their summer home. April is the time when most birds prepare to move. Their preparation consists mainly of talking it over and deciding when it shall be done. Having cleaned their wings, quill by quill, and oiled their bodies from a little sack which birds always carry on their backs, their preparations are made.

Some birds, like the members of the summer yellow-bird family, stop half-way on their journey from the south to the far north, and build nests, but these pay us very short visits, only long enough to rear one brood of young until they can fly away with them. Wild fowl, like the wild goose, sometimes travel 400 miles in a day, and when tired will rest on the masts and spars of vessels, and often help each other. If the young or any tender one lags behind, a stronger bird flies under it and carries it for a while on its back. The little birds, too, often alight on the back of the larger species they may meet on their journey, and thus get a free ride and a rest. Sailors often find little quivering used-up birds on the decks of their vessels, who are too tired to move, but their bright eyes watch everything, and they are sure to be petted back to strength again, for sailors are always kind.

Their bones are all hollow, and so are the quills of their wings and feathers. The more soft down birds have, like owls for instance, the less distance and height they can fly, but the more bone and wing, like the eagle, the higher and farther they can fly. Like the boat in the water, they are kept afloat because they are hollow and lighter than the same space they occupy would be if of air or water. With a flap of their wings birds give themselves a start through the air, and then the air, instead of keeping them down by its weight of fifteen pounds to the inch, as it does everything else, helps to buoy them up. When birds want to descend they have only to shut up their wings, and then, as they take up less space, they drop.—*Church Union.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE YELLOW HOUSE.

A POETIC DESCRIPTION OF A TRUE INCIDENT, BY MARY BARTOL.

Cheerful the house! Sweet as a gleam
Of sunlight, constant through the day
It shines, making the landscape seem
Like echo of a poet's lay.
Tuned unto wild wood, or sea sands,
Or blossom-scented pasture lands.

A yellow house, and dim inside
Stands one erect, with withered face,
Matching the mottled roof, where hide
Dun colors, faded like the place:
Yet Deborah boasts a pedigree,
And tells with pride her ancestry.
Small pleasures hurry in the Fall,
And fill her hours. She gathers seeds
Of hollyhocks against the wall;
She plucks the balm; *she feels the needs*
Of bird and beast—feeds wild and lame,
And gives to some a Christian name.

"Dolly!" she cries; an interval;
Then at one bound a girl skips o'er,
Responding to Aunt Deborah's call,
The board that guards the kitchen door.
"Dolly, I see them on the way;
Jake cannot miss a single day."

They hurry; *crows* with snowflakes fly,
And at short distance hover round
Their breakfast table, not too nigh
Aunt Deborah's hand, while on the ground
Confiding Jakie lights alone,
And croaks in his queer baritone.

He pecks the corn her fingers give,
And they give more, until the grain
Drops through the wrinkled human sieve,
Like liberal rain upon the plain.
A happy group beneath dull sky,
With Jakie gobbling silently.

Dolly, against her neckerchief,
Fondles the rogue, and he replies,
Gurgling some joy, perhaps some grief,
To her warm maiden sympathies.
His comrades circle, *still discreet,*
Ready for corn or for retreat.

Soon toddles out a three-year-old,
In tattered cap and scarlet gown,
Unsteady staring, shy yet bold,
A giant poppy half-way blown.
He seizes on our trusting Jakie,
And fondles him for Dolly's sake.

Now whirls a sleigh along the street,
Where clouds usurp the cordial sun,
The driver grumbles at the sleet,
And wishes his hard journey done.
So keen it blows, *all enmity*
Must sleep to-day with charity.

"Poor man!" cries Deborah, "he's spent
With cold; we'll ask him in to rest;
In such sharp weather it is meant
That we should have another guest
Beside the birds. Thank God, our food,
Though plain, is plentiful and good.

The traveller looks. The view inspires
No gentle feelings in his mind.
He growls, and audibly inquires
If fools are all of womankind.
He cannot loiter by the way,
Yet for a moment he will stay.

He finds his gun; a flash in air;
Death hurries innocence to meet;
And Dolly, dumb in her despair,
Sees Jake fall lifeless at her feet.
A whip's sharp lash falls with a sneer,
And horse and driver disappear.

The landscape shivers in the wind.
The crows, one frightened mass, fly by.
Where will these poor petitioners find
A refuge from man's cruelty?
O house, thy yellow turns to gray,
And dimmer grows the dreary day.

Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

BIRDS AND BOYS.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cosy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.

"Twit-ter-ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But oh when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! how happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.
It's something to work for small hobbledheys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;

"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of bother;
But oh when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's sweetness for me! it's sweetness for me!"

— St. Nicholas.

Cats show how little decision of character they have by the amount of time they spend on the fence.—*Burlington Free Press.*

TEST OF DEATH.

The French Academy of Science, ten or fifteen years ago, offered a prize of 40,000 francs for the discovery of some means by which the inexperienced might at once determine whether in a given case death has ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected dead person is held towards a candle or other artificial light, with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers towards the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood still circulating, it showing itself through the tissues which have not yet congested. When life is entirely extinct the phenomenon of scarlet space between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation.

—*Hall's Four. of Health.*

[We cannot vouch for the reliability of the above, but we regard it as a very important subject and mean to publish all the light we get on it. The father of the editor of this paper, as we have said before, came very near being buried alive, his physician having declared him dead, and preparations being made for his funeral, before he recovered consciousness. — EDITOR.]



(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

I wooed the blue-eyed maid, yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade our vows were plighted.

(From Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armour.*)

TWO SOLDIERS AT GETTYSBURG.

The armies they had ceased to fight,
The night was still and dark,
And many thousands on the field
Were lying stiff and stark.
The stretcher men had come along
And gathered all they could.
A hundred surgeons worked that night
Behind the clump of wood.

They flashed the lanterns in my face,
As they were hurrying by;
The sergeant looked, and said "He's dead,"
And I made no reply.
The bullet had gone through my breast,—
No wonder I was still;
But once will I be nearer death
Than when upon that hill.

A gray-clad picket came along
Upon his midnight beat;
He came so near me that I tried
To move and touch his feet.
At once he bent and felt my breast
Where life still fought at bay;
No one who loved me could have done
More than this man in gray.

O'er me all chilled with blood and dew,
His blanket soft he spread;
A crimson sheaf of wheat he brought
A pillow for my head.
Then knelt beside me for an hour
And bathed my lips and brow;
But for the man who was my foe
I'd not be living now.

Then as the coming daylight shown,
He bent his lips to say:
"God spare you, brother, though you wear
The blue, and I the gray!"

The sounds of war are silent now;
We call no man our foe,
But soldier hearts cannot forget
The scenes of long ago.
Dear are the ones who stood with us
To struggle or to die;

No one can oftener breathe their names,
Or love them more than I.

But from my life I'd give a year
That gray-clad man to see;
To clasp in love the foeman's hand
Who saved my life to me.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, did n't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they
blame

You, little one — it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you!"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

—By Anna F. Burnham.



WOMAN—THE FOE OF BIRDS.

Our good friend in New Haven, Conn., sends us the following, which we must print in full, though limited space compels us to put it in small type:—

WOMAN—THE FOE OF BIRDS.

The bonny, bonny little birds,
If in their hour of need,
They have no power to beg for life,
It is for them I plead.

There is no more exquisite creature in the universe than a living bird, perched daintily upon the swaying branch of an elm, while from the little throat pours forth a gush of melody that carries our hearts with his, straight to the mercy-seat of God.

But the same bird dead, transfixed by the skill of the taxidermist in the agonized position that could only have been assumed in the little creature's lingering death struggles, is a sight to make one shudder.

The woman who can look in at the milliner's windows to-day and not feel her soul swell with righteous indignation and wrath has no woman's heart in her bosom. It is a thing of stone if it can gaze unmoved upon that sad sight. I saw in a milliner's opening a bonnet trimmed with a band composed of twenty birds' heads. It seems hardly credible that any woman could be found with a taste so depraved as to think this beautiful; but, alas, there are many who would wear it as proudly as the savage wears the girdle of scalps at his waist, and with as little thought as he of the suffering of which these tiny heads are the token. Let us look at it for a moment. Twenty birds' heads! That means twenty little lives gone out of the sunlight, twenty happy voices hushed for aye, twenty little bodies gasping their life out upon the ground, fifty baby birdies starving in the nest, millions of grubs and worms feasting on our crops and fruit, and the story is not yet told. Who could estimate it?

The senseless vanity of one woman is gratified, and at what a cost! Do you realize the horror of it? Why, these are our own dear birds that we love, the welcome visitors for whose coming we wait so anxiously in the spring. When their first glad notes are heard, what a thrill of joy it sends through every nerve! We scatter crumbs for them, and hope they will build again in the old elm tree near the porch. How gladly we announce, some morning, that three little blue eggs are in the nest. Then by and by what a pleasure it is to watch the happy little mother as she flies to and fro with the food for her darlings. And it has come to this! The bluebird who wakened us in the morning with his gush of joyful melody; the oriole, whose song was so sweet that we hushed our breath to listen,—there they are, twisted into some fantastic shape and sewed upon a bonnet!

I look down the church aisle, and I see here a golden wing and there a ruby breast; here an emerald head and there a scarlet throat; here a bunch of soft feathers that must have been plucked from the breasts of a score of birds, and here a half-dozen wings pointing heavenward, a silent witness of woman's inhumanity. Here is the entire body of our household friend, the oriole, flattened and contorted, and upon the breast of the wearer I see the gleam of the silver cross of the "King's Daughters"—the badge of cruelty flaunting above the badge of mercy. Oh, daughter of the Heavenly King, listen to His word and blush to wear that golden wing above that silver cross. Are not "two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father," or, as St. Luke says, "not one of them is forgotten before God;" and, again, "your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

Bright-winged messengers of God sent to bring joy and peace to our hearts while they carol their sweet songs of praise and thanksgiving,—how shall we account to their Creator for this wicked desecration of His gift to us? Woman, woman! you can no longer plead ignorance or thoughtlessness for your barbarity. You know the cruelty of it; you know that without the birds man could not live upon the earth; you know that, were it not for the birds, the growth of insect life would be so immense that vegetation would be entirely destroyed; yet you wilfully encourage the wholesale slaughter of our feathered friends, and knowingly sanction this wicked destruction of the beautiful warblers who fill our groves and fields with their sweet melodies of love. With your eyes wide open you permit

this war of extermination to be carried on, and deck yourselves proudly with these slaughtered spirits of the air, selfishly unmindful of the cruel cost. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Florida, the agents of the millinery firms are ceaseless in their work of death and destruction. From early spring until late fall, at all times and at all seasons, the lovely, helpless creatures are pursued with relentless vigilance, trapped, snared, hunted with dogs, shot, killed with air guns, bean-shooters, stones, no matter what, so long as the bright plumage can bring a few pennies into the hunter's pocket.

What care they that without the parent birds' tender care the little ones die of slow starvation in the nest? What care they that the glorious burst of melody is hushed in death and that the anguished form is writhing in agony at their feet? The dainty creature is to them but a pair of wings and a crested head. Millions of skins are sold annually to the millinery trade. Some species of birds are already extinct and others fast becoming so. From this immense destruction of bird life but one result can follow. The punishment for our sin will fall upon our children and our children's children, when without let or hindrance the grubs and worms can destroy the crops, blight the fruit, and leave the shade trees but blackened skeletons to mourn the death of the sweet birds that were wont to build in their branches. The women of the land should rise up and protest against this outrage by refusing indignantly to wear the plumage,—that badge of cruelty which is the symbol of so much suffering and anguish.

The human cry to God is still
For mercy, mercy solely;
The birds sing only God be praised,
And holy, holy, holy.

A. D. Fogg.

ROBIN'S HOUSE.

"Where shall it be, Mrs. Robin,
This dear little house of ours?
What nook all cozy and shady,
And safe from the winds and showers?"

"Now you are mine, little lady,
My own little bonny bird-bride,
'T won't do to be roaming like gypsies
Over the world so wide.

"Come, then, and we'll find in the meadow
Green branches so cool and deep,
Where I'll build you the daintiest palace,
And sing you to sweetest sleep."

Up glanced little fond Mrs. Robin,
With happy, approving look,
And away they flew over the valley,
Just stooping to drink at the brook.

"O see what a beautiful maple!
Shall we build it, my lady, here?"
"No, no, it's too straight and stately;
It is n't our style, my dear."

"Ah! there is an elm, Mrs. Robin,
So graceful; now what do you say?"
But that was too high and airy,
And onward they kept their way.

"Look, look! oh look, Mr. Robin!
For here is the very tree,
Bending its crooked old branches
Into crannies as snug as can be.

"And oh what snow-flakes of blossoms,
Filling with sweetness the air!
And oh what bluebells go climbing
And clustering everywhere!"

So merrily went the young robins
To work, like the busiest bees,
Gathering queer little hay-straws,
And odd little sticks from the trees.

And then they bent and they twisted,
As only the birds know how,
Till at last, all soft and downy,
In the kind old apple bough

Was the dearest and daintiest palace,
The sweetest and coziest nest,
And a jubilant song filled the orchard
As the sun sank down in the west.

So, all through the warm days, the breezes
Whispered their magic spells,
And nearer the bright morning-glory
Climbed, swinging its airy bells.

And five little blue eggs were nestled
Under the brooding wings,
And five little younglings were learning
The love-song Sir Robin sings.

So, slowly and surely and safely,
They grew 'neath that tender care,
Till they sprang to the happy sunshine,
Into the glad, free air.

And five more pert young Redbreasts,
At the daylight's earliest peep,
Are chattering under our window,
To waken us out of our sleep.

—Young Folks.

PHONOGRAPH BIRD SONGS.

Why not phonograph bird songs? What a solace it might be to sufferers in sick rooms to be able to enjoy the pleasure without the sadness of its being at the cost of poor caged birds. — *London Spectator*.

"HOUNDING" DEER.

(From New York Times.)

"Hounding" deer has none of the manly interests to recommend it. The hounds are set on a deer's track by the guides, while the "sportsman" leisurely awaits the result on the shore of some lake, with his canoe at his feet, ready to take him out as soon as the deer is driven to the water. This seeking of water is invariably resorted to by the hounded deer, and for this reason: A hound, having better "staying" qualities, can always outrun a deer in the end. This the latter, desperate and exhausted, with the yelping dog fast gaining on its heels, finally comprehends, and it knows that there is only one remaining way to save itself—to throw the dog off the scent. As this can only be done by the deer's swimming through some large body of water, it makes for the nearest lake. Into this, its last refuge, it plunges with what remaining strength it can muster. *Terrified and out of breath, it can barely keep its head above water as it wearily strives to reach the opposite shore. A child could, in reality, "finish" it when in this condition. But instead of that a number of sportsmen who have been indolently awaiting the advent of the deer, perhaps smoking their cigars and reading their newspapers in the meanwhile, are taken out in canoes by their guides, armed with clubs and shot-guns, to their panting, helpless victim. They then surround the scarcely struggling creature and kill it by either blowing its brains out with a charge of buckshot or knocking it on the head with their clubs. Whichever way it is done, they have achieved the honor of killing a deer, and by the accomplishment of this daring exploit are furnished with something to talk and boast of for the rest of their lives.*— *New York Times*.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF TOADS.

Toads, in the presence of snakes, usually remain perfectly still. In this is their only safety, for did they make the least movement they would immediately be caught. I have known a hungry snake to lie waiting for over an hour for a frog to move, and even push with the nose to stir him up. This has been called "snake charming," and indeed it looks like it, but the toad is the charmer and the snake the charmee. I remember one day I dropped a toad in the midst of a pit of snakes I had in my back yard. He at once became perfectly still, though surrounded by more than a dozen hungry snakes. There was a circle of fierce heads and glaring eyes around him, but he would not move. The circle narrowed until the protruding tongues almost touched him, yet he was immovable. Just then I was called away for over half an hour, but on returning found the toad, in grave dignity, still holding the fort by most masterly inactivity. *This lowly, helpless creature, strong only by adherence to a natural faith, thus baffling enemies numerous and powerful, brought Daniel before the mental vision more vividly than River's celebrated picture.*— *Forest and Stream*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

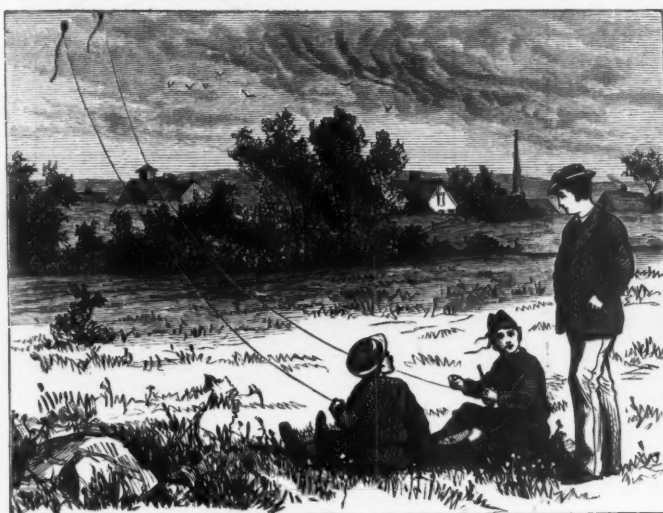
OUR TWO HORSES.

Maje and Jim, our two family horses, have no fancy for the long drive of eighteen miles to P—. They much prefer to turn off from the main road to the little village where we do the most of our trading when in the country. They showed it quite plainly a few days ago, when my husband and I had started for the latter place. As they came near to the turn, I noticed a decided increase of animation and speed in their gait. They pointed their ears, arched their necks, and swung us around the corner in fine style. Upon my remarking on their liveliness, my husband laughed and said: "Yes, what they are up to is to get around the corner before I notice that they are not on the road to P—." And it really did seem so, for as soon as they were apparently satisfied that they were not to be turned about, they dropped back into their ordinary deliberate gait.

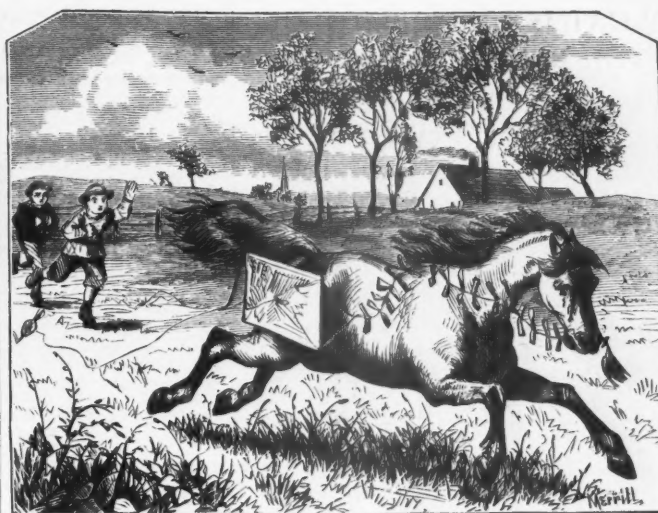
A. D. C.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect. — *New York Tribune*.



SUMMER SPORT.



HOW IT ENDED.

A "BAND OF MERCY" GIRL.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said, —

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said: —

"Mebbe he did n't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort. — *New York Sun.*

A "BAND OF MERCY" BOY.

A HUMANE YOUNGSTER.

A horse that was so nearly starved that one could count his ribs, was dragging himself slowly along and picking grass from the street on the block this side of the depot, a few days ago, when we noticed a little boy five or six years of age pick up an armful of hay that had fallen near the track and start in the direction of the horse, then hidden around the corner and nearly a block away. Our curiosity was up, and we watched the little chap. He made straight for the half-starved animal and deposited the hay before him. The incident pleased us, for though it spoke not in words, it told us plainly that the heart of that little boy was in the right place, and that in the humble home we saw him enter there was another heart of maturer years of which his was a bright miniature reflection. — *Yreka (Cal.) Union.*

He who lends money to the poor is often better than he who gives them alms.

"BOB WHITE."

Just about this time of year the gunning sports are furbishing up the idle double barrels for fun in the Fall, when the fields are stubble land at harvest homes, and the quail are fat, juicy and tender, just ripe for immolation on the toothsome toast. It is also the time of year when the plaintive call of "Bob White" to his mate should most strongly appeal to human sensibility and pity for the young. Can anything heard in rural haunts be more humanly appealing than "Bob White, Bob White"? He seems to call for a lost or absent brother or friend in the fellowship of mankind, but, alas! that call too frequently lures him to his doom. The very solitude he seeks and the delightful air pervading it only whet the appetite of the marauder seeking for his life with murderous gun. Oh, sportsman, spare "Bob White!"

Not many miles distant from Cincinnati, indeed quite within the bounds of Hamilton County, "Bob White" finds cover in odd corners of farms largely maintained by gentlemen of means in Cincinnati for sake of the country pleasure they afford as "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and no one will dispute, indeed every intelligent mind with a touch of nature left will concede, that the sight of our wild birds and their peculiar piping in the woods of a sunny morning is an experience worth all the pleasures of the table purchased by their destruction for the pot or the broiler. Localities where the game birds abound, sections of country affording plenty of game to the professional hunter, are known, but where the feathered denizens of the copse are few and shy on account of human invasion, they should be spared, invited, and cultivated as rarities. This is easily done. Quit shooting. Leave some corners of the farm wild. Sow a patch of buckwheat for the support of "Bob White" and his numerous family, and his very presence and prosperity through your hospitality will attract and impart confidence to hosts of wild birds whose plumage and pipings will amply reward the protecting care. The "Country Club" in the neighborhood of Carthage, established by Cincinnati gentlemen, had its origin in the desire for the seclusion of a sylvan retreat where the woodpecker, the blue bird, the robin, the saucy jay and timid "Bob White" might be seen and heard in native freedom. The introduction of clay pigeon shooting on the grounds shocked the nerves of the wild birds, and they have given the place a wider berth ever since.

The Cuvier Club has rendered valuable service in protecting our native birds, but something better, something more far-reaching, is necessary to prevent their destruction or disappearance. There is needed more of the example set on the farm known as "Fiddler's Green," near Newtown, now occupied by Farmer Krieger, an

honest old fellow, who supplies this market with some of the best vegetables and fruits, all of them "raised" and gathered to the morning music of native songsters and the human call of "Bob White." The farm has been "posted," and woe betide the pot hunter caught either with gun or snare on "Fiddler's Green." — *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

IT WAS HIS HORSE.

"Say, friend, you're on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door. "Your horse! Oh, no; why, I bought this horse two years ago!" "You did?" answered the other; "well, I lost my horse — it was stolen — just two years ago."

This conversation took place under the far-spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years and ridden by a gentleman who evidently had bought the horse in good faith.

After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and, if he don't find water in the bucket, let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up the horse is not mine." "At your word; the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and, leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable! The animal remembered the trick and the owner recovered his horse. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

THE BROOK.

From a fountain
In a mountain
Drops of water ran
Trickling through the grasses;
So our brook began.
Slow it started;
Soon it darted,
Cool and clear and free,
Rippling 'over pebbles,
Hurrying to the sea.
Children straying
Came a-playing
On its pretty banks;
Glad, our little brooklet
Sparkled up its thanks.
Blossoms floating,
Mimic boating,
Fishes darting past,
Swift and strong and happy,
Widening very fast.
Bubbling, singing,
Rushing, ringing,
Flecked with shade and sun,
Soon our pretty brooklet
To the sea has run.

— Ellen Soule Corhart.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAT.

MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

A Trustworthy Cat, with a countenance fair,
And fur as tidy as ever you'd wish,
Was sitting, apparently taking care
Of a trayful of drying fish.

She winked and blinked, and she softly purred,
And once in a while she nodded her head,
And if I mistake not, this I heard,
And this is what she said:—

"You see that I hold a Position of Trust—
A very important position to hold—
The appointment, for once, was perfectly just,
And was given away, not sold.

"I'm the Watch-Cat of the Fish;
I help to maintain my country's laws;

When the Thief-Cats try to steal, I wish
You could see me use my claws!

"I have held the place for a year, and though
I understand a poet has said,
'What cat's averse to fish?'—I go
Hungry sometimes to bed.

"I never have touched one single fish."
I was certain I saw her wink one eye,
And I whispered softly, "I really wish
You'd tell me—in confidence—why?"

She grinned at me with a Cheshire grin,
"My character 's made," she softly purred,
"But you will not mention it just within
This town?" So I gave my word,—

For it seemed to me I had never met
A cat so utterly free from fault:
"I am fond of fish," she said, "but yet
I cannot abide them in salt!"

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 7983 Philadelphia, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mary Simmons.
- 7984 West Bolton, Quebec.
Brill Band.
P., Henry Turner.
- 7985 Foster, Quebec.
The Creek Band.
P., Jane Hillhouse.
- 7986 Sherbrooke, Quebec.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Henry Fuller.
- 7987 Forest City, Iowa.
P., Rev. A. R. Hinckley.
- 7988 Charlestown, Mass.
Berean Band.
P., Francis L. Beal.
- 7989 Mifflinville, Ohio.
Wild Rose Band.
P., Kate M. Barr.
- 7990 Decatur, Mich.
Clover Band.
P., Mrs. Rev. Lampert.
- 7991 Abbot Village, Me.
P., E. Maude Bradman.
S., Lillian Harrington.
- 7992 Brooksville, Fla.
Hernando Band.
P., Dr. A. A. Armington.
S., Will Temple.
- 7993 Chicago, Ill.
Dunton Band.
P., Dora A. Dinton.
- 7994 Fawn Grove, Pa.
P., Maude Bullette.
S., Ida Sanders.
- 7995 West Duxbury, Mass.
P., Ray Howland.
- 7996 Wabash, Ind.
Meth. Episcopal S. S.
Pansy Band.
P., Annie Parish.
- 7997 Rose Band.
P., Annie Hibbin.
- 7998 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. D. W. White.
- 7999 Tulip Band.
P., Miss F. McCarty.
- 8000 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. F. Wilson.
- 8001 Daisy Band.
P., A. B. Star.
- 8002 Golden Rod Band.
P., Mrs. Lander.
- 8003 Blue Hill Band.
P., Mrs. Williams.
- 8004 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Jackson.
- 8005 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. D. Hudson.
- 8006 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Wilson.
- 8007 Butter Cups Band.
P., Mrs. Miller.
- 8008 Geranium Band.
P., Mrs. J. B. Lyre.
- 8009 Morning Glory Band.
P., Mrs. Bacon.
- 8010 Snowball Band.
P., A. J. Ross.
- 8011 Presbyterian S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss A. Whiteside.
- 8012 Robin Band.
P., Carrie Shields.
- 8013 Bluebird Band.
P., Mr. McNann.
- 8014 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. W. Bigler.
- 8015 Red Bird Band.
P., Mrs. C. W. Davis.
- 8016 Geo. Washington Band.
P., George Klare.
- 8017 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss M. Small.

- 8018 Garfield Band.
P., Mrs. H. H. Connor.
- 8019 Whittier Band.
P., Miss N. McCarty.
- 8020 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss C. Little.
Christian S. S.
- 8021 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. C. E. Morgan.
- 8022 Hope Band.
P., Miss J. Bruce.
- 8023 Star Band.
P., Miss L. Lumavee.
- 8024 Sunshine Band.
P., D. Summerland.
- 8025 I'll Try Band.
P., M. R. Gardener.
- 8026 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. Luce.
- 8027 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. Price.
- 8028 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Mrs. Ross.
- 8029 White's Manual Labor Inst.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss S. W. Webster.
- 8030 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Kate E. Hunt.
- 8031 Orphans' Home.
Hope Band.
P., Mrs. O. E. Jones.
- 8032 New Garden, Pa.
Toughkenamon Band.
P., Mrs. E. H. Mercer.
- 8033 Newport, R. I.
P., Margaret La Farge.
- 8034 Pleasant Unity, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. H. G. Mansell.
- 8035 Plymouth, Ind.
United Brethren S. S.
Whip-Poor-Will Band.
P., Rebecca Swisher.
- 8036 Episcopal S. S.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Bessie Veits.
- 8037 Howard Band.
P., Mrs. Ella Simons.
- 8038 Henry Bergh Band.
P., Nellie Reeve.
- 8039 Methodist Episcopal S. S.
U. S. Grant Band.
P., J. E. Houghton.
- 8040 Garfield Band.
P., Catharine Jones.
- 8041 Lincoln Band.
P., Mary McMasters.
- 8042 Hayes Band.
P., Grace Kendall.
- 8043 Washington Band.
P., Mrs. J. J. Bennett.
- 8044 Adams Band.
P., J. W. Hubbard.
- 8045 Goldfinch Band.
P., Herbert Hess.
- 8046 Peona Band.
P., Mrs. Sarah Berch.
- 8047 Presbyterian S. S.
Blue Bell Band.
P., Anna Houghton.
- 8048 Sweet Brier Band.
P., Jessie Toan.
- 8049 Narcissus Band.
P., Mrs. Charles Wilcox.
- 8050 Anemone Band.
P., Grace Borton.
- 8051 Orchis Band.
P., Mary Hume.
- 8052 Huntington, Ind.
Methodist Sunday School.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Heiber.
- 8053 Blue Bird Band.
P., Miss M. Daily.
- 8054 Red Bird Band.
P., Miss M. Mohler.

- 8055 Canary Band.
P., Miss O. Farrar.
- 8056 Robin Band.
P., Miss L. Brandt.
- 8057 Dove Band.
P., Miss V. Holloway.
- 8058 Snow Bird Band.
P., Mrs. Hoover.
- 8059 Golden Rule Band.
P., J. Kinsey.
- 8060 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Mrs. Shanks.
- 8061 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss N. Daniels.
- 8062 Grant Band.
P., Miss Wilkinson.
- 8063 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Mitchell.
- 8064 Longfellow Band.
P., Dr. Chafee.
- 8065 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. Bell.
- 8066 Garfield Band.
P., Mrs. Bridges.
- 8067 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., M. Overholt.
- 8068 Orphans' Home.
Canary Band.
P., Mrs. M. A. Tremain.
- 8069 Presbyterian S. S.
Golden Rod Band.
P., Mrs. B. A. Moore.
- 8070 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Harter.
- 8071 Buttercups Band.
P., Miss S. Hessin.
- 8072 Lilac Band.
P., Miss M. Ireland.
- 8073 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss J. Harter.
- 8074 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss B. Bakr.
- 8075 Christian Sunday School.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss Jacobs.
- 8076 I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. Kin Kade.
- 8077 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Wright.
- 8078 Star Band.
P., Mr. J. Brown.
- 8079 Hope Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
- 8080 Never Fail Band.
P., Miss Dagget.
- 8081 United Brethren S. S.
Lily Band.
P., Mrs. Graham.
- 8082 Rose Band.
P., Miss E. Cauley.
- 8083 Tulip Band.
P., D. Class.
- 8084 Violet Band.
P., Miss Cupp.
- 8085 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Hamrick.
- 8086 Chatham, Mass.
Universalist S. S. Band.
P., Eunice Kendrick.
- 8087 Plainfield, N. J.
Grace Church Band.
P., Rev. E. M. Rodman.
- 8088 Valparaiso, Ind.
Normal School.
Scott Band.
P., M. E. Bogarte.
- 8089 Milton Band.
P., J. N. Roe.
- 8090 Dickens Band.
P., Mrs. Sarah P. Kinsey.
- 8091 Browning Band.
P., Mantie E. Baldwin.
- 8092 Addison Band.
P., O. P. McAuley.
- 8093 Thackeray Band.
P., Lizzie McAlilly.

- 8094 Poe Band.
P., E. K. Isaacs.
- 8095 Emerson Band.
P., R. A. Heritage.
- 8096 Bacon Band.
P., H. M. Evans.
- 8097 Schiller Band.
P., John E. Roessler.
- 8098 Pope Band.
P., G. W. Ferguson.
- 8099 Irving Band.
P., C. W. Benton.
- 8100 Shakespeare Band.
P., H. N. Carver.
- 8101 Longfellow Band.
P., Hon. H. A. Gillett.
- 8102 Bryant Band.
P., Hon. Mark L. De Mott.
- 8103 Lowell Band.
P., Hon. E. D. Crumpacker.
- 8104 Chaucer Band.
P., A. L. Jones.
- 8105 Goethe Band.
P., Henri Ruifrok.
- 8106 E. P. Roe Band.
P., Ray Hill.
- 8107 Whittier Band.
P., Grace Grath.
- 8108 Dryden Band.
P., Maggie White.
- 8109 Whitman Band.
P., W. A. Yahn.
- 8110 Tennyson Band.
P., S. P. Carbay.
- 8111 Coleridge Band.
P., Kate Carbay.
- 8112 Swift Band.
P., Scott Norvill.
- 8113 Hemans Band.
P., Ella Porter.
- 8114 Holmes Band.
P., Mrs. M. E. Bogarte.
- 8115 Baptist S. S.
Washington Band.
P., Geo. Billings.
- 8116 Whittier Band.
P., Kate Cummerford.
- 8117 Frances E. Willard Band.
P., Mrs. D. B. Pierce.
- 8118 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. J. M. Judd.
- 8119 Canary Band.
P., Emma Finney.
- 8120 Oriole Band.
P., Mrs. J. B. Banker.
- 8121 Christian S. S.
Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Jennie V. Campbell.
- 8122 Lilley Band.
P., Mrs. H. B. Brown.
- 8123 Pansy Band.
P., Jennie Flaughter.
- 8124 Rose Band.
P., Elmer Peters.
- 8125 Pink Band.
P., Mrs. B. E. Netz.
- 8126 Oleander Band.
P., Mrs. Carrie Arnold.
- 8127 Robin Band.
P., Mrs. Lou Baum.
- 8128 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. Thomas Shreve.
- 8129 Lincoln Band.
P., N. H. Shepard.
- 8130 Byron Band.
P., Mrs. Sarah Galloway.
- 8131 Garfield Band.
P., Mrs. Phebe Axe.
- 8132 Willing Workers Band.
P., Estella Diefenbaugh.
- 8133 Nightingale Band.
P., Mrs. Mary C. Smith.
- 8134 Red Bird Band.
P., Mrs. B. F. Prime.

- 8135 Goldfinch Band.
P., Mrs. Abbie Raum.
- 8136 Washington Band.
P., Hon. J. O. Browder.
- 8137 Jefferson Band.
P., Dr. J. R. Pagin.
- 8138 Willard Band.
P., Mrs. Ruth Cornell.
- 8139 Whittier Band.
P., Charles Longshore.
- 8140 Bruns Band.
P., B. F. Pearine.
- 8141 Methodist Episcopal S. S.
Star Band.
P., Katy Whitcomb.
- 8142 Hope Band.
P., Belle Kellogg.
- 8143 Never Fail Band.
P., Mrs. O. W. Herrick.
- 8144 Tulip Band.
P., Clara Stephens.
- 8145 Excelsior Band.
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- 8149 I'll Try Band.
P., Allie Winslow.
- 8150 Oriole Band.
P., Mabel Haste.
- 8151 Lilac Band.
P., Martha Kellogg.
- 8152 Young Guards Band.
P., Rolfe Upthegrove.
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WHAT A MUD-TURTLE SAID.

There has been great rejoicing in the house where I belong to-day. A little boy lives in the house, and he says that he owns me, though why he does I don't know, unless because he found me one day when I had crawled out from under the sidewalk. I was just going to make myself comfortable in the sunshine when a lot of boys came along. One of them spied me, and pounced on me right away. He tried to hold me down to the ground so that I could not crawl away, and he put his knee on my shell, and pressed so hard that I expected every minute to hear my shell crack.

But another boy knew better how to manage me than the first boy did. He took hold of my shell, and picked me right up, and carried me along. The first boy claimed me because he said he saw me first, and the second boy bought me of him for a top and a knife with a broken blade. Then this second boy carried me home and put me in the back yard.

That is where I have been living ever since. He did not think so, though. One day he could not find me and he cried because he thought I had run away. But I had not. I had only made a little place for myself in the ground in a corner of the yard, and settled myself to sleep through the winter as my folks always do. I heard the little boy when he began to cry because he had lost me, and I had a great mind to come out and tell him I was not lost; but I was too sleepy to stir, and I did not make my appearance again until to-day.

The little boy was greatly surprised when I appeared, and almost all the family have been out to see me. I feel quite proud because they were so glad to see me.

Almost all who have been to see me to-day have said, "What a nice mud-turtle he is!" But I am not a turtle; I am a tortoise. If I had been a turtle, I should not have gone to sleep over winter, but I should have been off at sea along with the other true turtles.

If I were a turtle, I could not draw my head and feet inside my shell as I can now, and as true tortoises can. Not all of us can draw our feet and head in so far as to shut our upper and lower shells together though, the way the Box Tortoise does. He is perfectly protected by his shell. But most persons do not care to remember the difference between a turtle and a tortoise, and I expect some folks will go on calling me a mud-turtle as long as they live.

But I think that if wise men can spend a great deal of time studying us and learning our habits, common folks might at least learn our right names.

Why, I heard once of a very learned friend of ours, a man named Agassiz, who had a whole garden full of turtles and tortoises near the city of Boston, and he used to walk among these animals every day, and feed them, and study their likes and dislikes, and write about them. I should like to have been one of those tortoises, for I am sure I should have been treated well by such an owner. I have always noticed that the wiser a person is, the kinder he is toward animals. —*Land and Water Friends.*

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A lady living in the vicinity of New York had two pets, one a large cat with a beautiful striped fur coat, gray eyes, white face, and elegant whiskers; the other a small canary bird. Antagonistic by nature, yet being raised together, they became true friends. The cat enjoyed the singing, and watched the movements of Dick as he jumped from perch to perch, with the greatest interest. One warm day the lady raised the window to admit the balmy air, when the cage had not been properly fastened. Birdie sought its freedom instantly, flew out, and landed on the grass plot. Quick as thought the cat sprang for it, spreading her large paws so as not to hurt it, and held it until her mistress (who was lame) came down a flight of stairs to the relief of both. When Dick was within his gilded cage safe and sound, a happier "trio" could not be found than mistress, cat, and bird. —A., in *N. Y. Witness.*

A GOOD STORY.

Some years ago I lived in a pretty, old-fashioned cottage in the country. It stood in the midst of a beautiful garden. In the summer time this garden was a perfect thicket of rose-bushes. There were also plenty of trees laden with fruit, not to mention most prolific strawberry beds. These, of course, proved a great attraction to numberless birds; and, when the winter came, our little feathered friends found a snug and cosy retreat in the overhanging ivy of the old walls which shut in one side of the garden. Our dining-room had a large bay-window, coming quite down to the ground and opening like doors on the lawn. The little birds soon found out that in frosty weather they were sure to find crumbs and dainty morsels spread for them outside this window. They grew very knowing; and, whenever they saw the white cloth on the dining-table, they considered it a signal for them, and down they flew from every part of the garden. Such a motley crew they were,—chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, and, of course, the bold robins and sparrows! Down they came, and never was such chirping and twittering until the coveted morsels were thrown out. Then came a good deal of scrambling and some little fighting before all were satisfied.

Among these little pensioners we had a favorite—a very handsome robin. He was a bright, friendly little fellow; and, if we left the window open, he would hop into the dining-room and help himself to anything he could find.

When the spring-time came, Bobby took a mate and built his nest in a filbert-tree, whose branches almost touched the dining-room window. In due time the fond parents could be seen teaching their two young ones to flit from bough to bough.

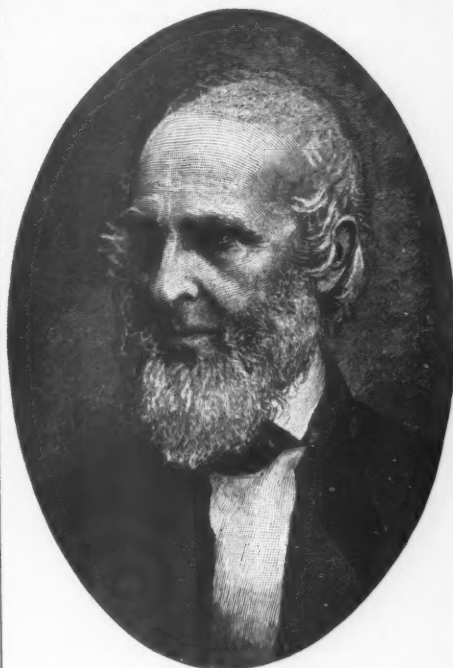
At last, the whole family appeared one day in front of the dining-room window. I verily believe Bobby brought them all, in the pride of his heart, to show them to us. Of course, we threw out some crumbs. Bobby seemed quite elated as his young ones and their mother feasted to their hearts' content. He was more moderate and seemed to be on guard. Suddenly there was a commotion and a scare in the little group. Bobby and one of the young ones flew straight into the filbert-tree, and from thence to the creepers on the house. Mamma Robin, in evident distress, was apparently urging the other little bird to fly away with her, but all in vain: the little creature stood as if stupefied, with all its feathers puffed out until it looked like a ball of fluff. Then his mother slipped behind him and gave him a sharp peck. Still the little bird did not move. Peck, peck, peck, but still in vain. At last, one sharp peck, more vicious than the rest, sent poor Dick flying up into the filbert-tree, followed by his mother, ready to administer fresh punishment, if necessary; but Dicky, having made a first effort, soon made another, and rejoined his father and brother in the creepers, followed by his mother.

At the same moment a strange white cat came stealing round the corner of the house. Evidently he had been watching the group from a distance when Bobby gave the first alarm, and the poor mother in her distress had been cruel only to save little Dicky's life. Was it not very clever of her, when he was too terrified to move, to give him a sharp taste of pain, and thus induce him to fly away beyond the reach of his enemy, the white cat?—*Beacon.*

HUMOR THE INVALID.

A friend was telling me, not long since, about an experience she had while ill. "I was so ashamed of myself," she said, "but I could not help it. My nurse had gone out, and I took the fancy that I wanted some cream toast. I asked my daughter, a girl of about fifteen, to make it for me. She did so, and when she brought it to me I cried just as hard as I could cry. She had put it on a plate that I particularly hated, and the very sight of it took away my appetite. The child was as distressed as I was, for she really wanted to serve me. I could have boxed my own ears when I got better and thought it over, but it was a very serious matter at the time. However, it was a lesson my girl will never forget, and I am sure the next time she is called upon to serve an invalid, she will bring the best china plate in the house."

SALLIE JOY WHITE.



John Greenleaf Whittier

This excellent cut is used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AN ANIMAL STORY WITH A GOOD MORAL.

The venerable Doctor Beecher, father of Henry Ward, was at one time most virulently attacked by such enemies as almost every good man who seeks to benefit the world is liable to encounter.

He apparently paid no attention to what his enemies were doing.

A friend one day asked the Doctor why he did not pitch into them.

The Doctor replied: "When I was a young man, going across a field one night with an armful of books I encountered a small animal.

"After hurling several volumes at him I found I was getting the worst of it.

"Since that night I have thought it better not to meddle with such animals."

Receipts by the Society in June.

Fines and witness fees, \$134.60.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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Total, \$135.00.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$287.32.

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Erle Co. New York Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$25; Mrs. G. T. Fitch, \$15; Rhode Island Society P. C. to Animals, \$10; T. A. Abbott, \$5; A Friend, \$4.75; J. Everts Merrill, \$4.50; Elizabeth Hillies, \$4; News Agencies, \$3.82; Eliza P. T. Houk, \$3.25; Miss C. M. Kingman, \$3; Edmund Webster, \$3; Mrs. E. H. Stroud, \$3; Mrs. W. C. Stoddard, \$0.87.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

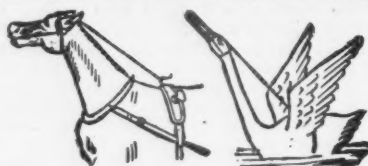
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By Treasurer from a Friend, \$400.

Total, \$1,281.65.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society June 18 to July 16, 1890.

Mrs. Charles E. Ware, \$200; Mrs. A. G. K. Champlin, \$100; Miss G. Kendall, \$50; Miss C. C. Kendall, \$25; Laban Pratt, \$25; F. J. Coburn, \$20; Miss Annie Waln, \$20; Mary Schlesinger, "In Memory of Guy," \$20; J. W. Wheelwright, \$10; Eliza A. Shillaber, \$10.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. Joshua Bennett, Mrs. P. D. Crowell, C. L. Doll, E. R. Mayo, C. M. Dyer, Mrs. F. Gifford.

Total, \$510.

Receipts from Sales "Black Beauty."

Previously acknowledged, \$1902.52; New England News Company, \$70; Estes & Lauriat, \$9; St. John's Society P. C. A., \$6; W. B. Clarke & Co., \$12; Mrs. C. Campbell, \$6.60; Connecticut Humane Society, \$30.55; Taunton Humane Society, \$6; Rev. Geo. F. Degen, \$6; J. Everts Merrill, \$12; Phebe W. Cornell, \$5; Mrs. W. A. Peabody, \$5; D. Stuart Dodge, \$5; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$12; L. S. Mifflin, \$5.04; American Tract Society, \$12; D. Bugbee & Co., \$12; Wm. F. Clark, \$5; Augustus Taber, \$6; Forbes & Wallace, \$39; Amy Woodward, \$18.08; Jno. Wanamaker, \$6; S. F. Hamilton, \$5.76; E. G. Goodrich, \$33; E. P. Dutton & Co., \$6; St. Paul Humane Society, \$18; Rev. J. C. Duncan, \$9; Mrs. E. G. Browne, \$5; Eric Co. N. Y. Society P. C. to Animals, \$61.25; Theo. H. Sterling, \$10; Mrs. F. R. Marvin, \$5; E. B. Cummings, \$6; Alta Otis, \$5; Lowell Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$24.65; Winnifred B. Ladd, \$12. All others in sums of less than five dollars each, \$414.51. Total, \$3,595.99.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

— Wordsworth.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, O.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of the Russian Society P. A. St. Petersburg.
Protector of Animals. Havre, France.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Cleveland, Ohio. Seventeenth Annual Report of Cleveland Humane Society, for 1890.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Fifteenth Annual Report of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, for 1889.
Providence, R. I. Twentieth Annual Report of Rhode Island S. P. C. A., for 1889-90.
London, England. Fifteenth Annual Report of Victoria Street Society for Protection of Animals from Vivisection, for 1889.
Brunswick, Germany. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1888 and 1889.
Hamburg, Germany. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1889.

Be cautious of believing ill and more cautious of reporting it.

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I hereby offer TWENTY prizes of \$10 each, and FORTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street.

BOSTON, March, 1890.

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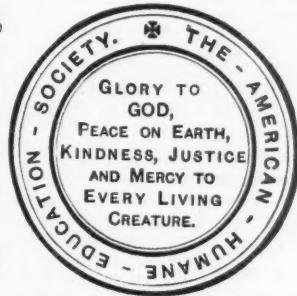
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Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, September, 1890.

No. 4.



FREDDIE AND HIS FAMOUS ST. BERNARD.

Freddie and his famous St. Bernard.

By kind permission of Mr. Thomas F. Donahue, of Portland, Maine, we present to our readers *Freddie B. Donahue* and his famous St. Bernard dog, *Prince*.

In Portland, *Maine*, where many copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*" go monthly, this picture of the dog and Freddie is well known. But in Portland, *Oregon*, where we have some five hundred subscribers, the picture will be new.

The dog and boy are great friends and playmates. At present he weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. As St. Bernards grow until four years of age, he bids fair to become one of the largest dogs in the country. His rough coat is a rich orange in color, white muzzle with black shadings, white legs, and white tip to tail. He is said to be a lineal descendant from the great dog "*Barry*," that saved about forty human lives.

90,000 COPIES.

The demand for "*Black Beauty*" has become so immense that we have found it necessary to print already over ninety thousand copies. We expect to print more than a million.

\$500 IN PRIZES TO AMERICAN EDITORS, REPORTERS, AND OTHERS.

Cattle Transportation, Slaughtering, and Cruelty to Cattle on the Plains.

Our "*American Humane Education Society*," as our readers know, sends this paper every month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we have reason to believe that no paper in America is more widely read by editors, their wives and children, than this.

We wish to obtain from different sources, widely apart, full and reliable statements of the cruelties to animals now practised on American railroads, in American slaughter

houses, and on our Western plains, and we know of no class more competent to give us this information than *American Editors and Reporters*.

(1) For the above purpose, I hereby offer, in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," to *American Editors and Reporters*, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to the cruelties inflicted upon animals on our American Railroads.

(2) Also, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to the cruelties practised on animals in our American Slaughter Houses.

(3) Also, one prize of fifty dollars, and five prizes of ten dollars each, for the six letters which shall contain the most valuable information in regard to cruelties practised upon animals on our Western plains.

(4) Also, to all American writers, whether Editors, Reporters, or otherwise, a prize of one hundred dollars, and four prizes of twenty-five dollars each, for the most valuable essays in regard to the effect of cruelties to animals on public health.

All the above letters and essays will be submitted to committees of, or approved by, our *Massachusetts State Board of Health*.

The \$100, \$50, and \$25 prizes are offered on condition that the letters and essays are deemed by the committee worthy of publication.

The \$10 prizes will be paid unconditionally.

All letters and essays receiving the above prizes are to be the property of "*The American Humane Education Society*," and if they prove as valuable as it is hoped, will be given, in part or whole, an immense publication.

The letters must be signed with the real names and post office addresses of writers.

The essays must be signed with fictitious names, and contain in accompanying sealed envelopes the real names and post office addresses of the writers, which envelopes will not be opened until the committee have made their awards.

All unsuccessful essays and letters will be returned to writers on receipt of postage stamps and request for their return.

All essays and letters must be received by me on or before January 1st, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, •

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

A friend of birds writes us: "I have been a close student of sparrows for more than half a century, and yet find it very difficult to tell the English sparrow from four other kinds. It is a bitter grief to me to think that the kingliest sparrow on earth (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) will be killed in passing to its summer and winter homes. No one can listen to this bird in the coppices of Maine, on a still twilight, without feeling that he has been taking part in the worship of angels.

Yours,

O. P.

VIVISECTION, \$500.

For the purpose of obtaining light on this important subject, which shall lead to reasonable, practical, and humane action, I do, in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," hereby offer two prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars each, for best essays on this question.

Namely: In the interests of humanity should vivisection be permitted, and if so, under what restrictions and limitations?

One prize of \$250 for the best essay advocating it, the other of \$250 for the best essay opposing it.

The Professors of Harvard University Medical School, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the first; and the Philadelphia Anti-Vivisection Society, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the second.

The writers of both essays, if deemed by the respective Committees worthy of publication, will receive \$250 each; or, if only one is deemed by its Committee to be worthy of publication, the writer of that will receive \$500.

The prize essays, or prize essay if only one is deemed worthy of publication, to be the property of "*The American Humane Education Society*."

For the purpose of insuring their extensive publication, no essay must exceed eight thousand words, and the character of the Committees will be such as to render it probable that essays which contain the most condensed information and thought will be most likely to win the prizes.

Each essay must be signed with a fictitious name, and contain in an accompanying sealed envelope the real name and post office address of the writer, which envelope will not be opened until the Committees have made their awards.

All unsuccessful essays will be returned to writers on receipt of postage stamps and request for their return.

All essays must be received by me on or before January 1st, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

Vivisection.

19 MILK STREET, BOSTON, July 14, 1890.

Dear Sir,—The plan of offering prizes to the amount of five hundred dollars for the best essays for and against the practice of Vivisection, was very carefully considered at an unusually large meeting of the directors of our "*American Humane Education Society*," and adopted by unanimous vote.

It is hoped it may result in calling the attention of the American people to this important subject, and in wise and humane action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog when something in human beings has pained or chilled us.—*Lytton*.

A BRAVE KANGAROO.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retreating from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.—*New York Telegram*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

(*New York Times*.)

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?'"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "*Nearer, my God, to Thee*." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "*Rock of Ages*," and "*Abide with Me*," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "*Annie Laurie*" or "*Home, Sweet Home*." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole car-load of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "*The Swanee River*" into "*Auld Lang Syne*," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.

THE ANGELUS.

We cut from an exchange the following, written by Father Mahony, a Catholic priest of Minnesota:

"I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There, the poor people seem so wonderfully to live in the presence of God.

"If you were to go through a Tyrolese village at six o'clock in the evening, you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees, every one, father and mother, and children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors in the fields, or in their gardens. The church bell rings at twelve, and the mowers put down their scythes and take off their caps and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work. One market day at Innsbruck I was dining, and there was a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church bell rang the Angelus. Then they all rose up, and, standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market, and those at the booths selling stood also with folded hands, and the men had their hats off, and instead of the buzz of bargaining rose the murmur of the prayer from all that great throng."

NOT TOO DRUNK TO TELL THE TRUTH.

It happened on a crowded horse car. A seedy-looking man, very much the worse for liquor, rose to give his seat to a lady, when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing.

"Sa-a-y, you—you fellow you," said the boozy but chivalrous individual, as he swayed to and fro hanging to a strap. "I—I'm drunk, I know, but I—I'll get over it. I will; but you—you're a hog, and you'll never get over it in—in this world—no, sir, never!" And the other passengers agreed with him.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,

Costing at our Office, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.



BLACK BEAUTY.

PIE FOR SIXTEEN IN LONDON.

There is a pie shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he drudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, *he pressed his tongue to the window panes*, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were so far beyond his reach. *An American railroad man who admires Dickens* hunted up this pie shop when he was in London, in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place, in a poor quarter of the city, but the original business was still conducted there. As the traveller peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow, "Please, sir, will you buy me a weal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small, dishevelled person, with whom a weal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well. The American replied:

"How many boys do you suppose that shop could hold?"

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurried himself into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned, the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benefactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop when he announced that he was going to give them all the pie they wanted.

For a quarter of an hour the astonished baker served "weal an' am" pies, hand over hand, to the sixteen astonished youth of London, while the American sat and watched the scene with hardly less astonishment. Few words were spoken, and the onslaught was as fierce and persistent while it lasted as the charge at Tel-el-Kebir. The exhaustion of supplies brought the banquet to an end, and the traveller paid the score, thinking it little to pay in view of the fun he had had, while the boys tumbled into the street, cheering, and went to spread the news of this miracle through the lanes of London.—*New York Sun*.

THEY SAVED THE BIRD.

SECRETARY WINDOM DIRECTS LIFE-SAVING OPERATIONS AT A FOUNTAIN.

(Special despatch to the Boston Herald.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1890.—The *Star* says: The fountain between the Treasury and the White House has finally been cleaned. This morning it was flowing again with a clean surface. The water was seven or eight inches from the rim, when a young sparrow, just weaned, and not quite sure of its wings, took a notion that it wanted a drink. So it hopped up on the granite edge of the basin, and foolishly leaned over to sip the cool waters. But it was too far, and in another moment the stupid little thing tumbled over into the deep. Just at that time a newspaper man happened along, bound for the White House, and on his heels came Secretary Windom, going to talk to the President. The scribe was just in time, and guided by the advice of the kind-hearted Secretary, whose sympathies were aroused in behalf of the bird, he managed to get the fluttering creature out. As he laid it on the grass of the White House lawn to dry, he received the praise of Mr. Windom, who murmured something about a life-saving medal, and hurried in out of the sun.

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

Of July 20th has a capital editorial notice of "Black Beauty," from which we quote the following:—"Black Beauty" has spoken with such effect as to win an immense reading in England, and the result ought to be similar in this country. It is impossible not to fall in with this half-horse, half-human story."

NEW EDITIONS OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have issued a new "Old Gold" edition of "Black Beauty," having on the outside of the first cover the above picture of "Black Beauty." We sell this edition at six cents a copy, or ten cents when sent by mail. It contains all that is found in the more costly editions, the only difference being that it is printed on lighter paper.

BE SURE YOU BUY THE RIGHT BOOK.

Two New York publishers have already issued editions of "Black Beauty."

They are printed on poor paper, and leave out all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We have been glad to receive from this esteemed lady, known personally and through her distinguished husband to the whole American people, three successive orders for copies of "Black Beauty," to be distributed among her friends.

BISHOP MALLALIEU.

The following kind letter from our good friend, Bishop Mallalieu, will be read with interest by thousands of his friends:—

WILLARD F. MALLALIEU,
BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH.

1428 St. CHARLES AVENUE,
NEW ORLEANS, 1890.

COTTAGE CITY, MASS., Aug. 20, '90.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Mrs. Mallalieu has just read "Black Beauty" aloud to a circle of friends. I have listened to every word from first to last. I write to say that I most earnestly wish the book might be read by every boy and girl, and every man and woman in Christendom. It is a most excellent book for mothers to read to little children; a thousand times better than all the silly "Mother Goose" rhymes that were ever written.

Truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1890.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *ninety-six new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *eight thousand two hundred and fifty-three*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

With the aid of our *American Humane Education Society*, we send this paper to all the editors of *America, north of Mexico*.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

By the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, announced with sorrow by the American Press, our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has lost a valued director; and we, in common with thousands of our fellow citizens, have lost a personal friend.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in July.

Whole number, 309; prosecuted, 14. Animals taken from work, 50; horses and other animals killed, 54.

ELEVEN THOUSAND MISSIONARIES.

As our readers know, we sent *six thousand copies* of this paper, and *five thousand copies* of "*Black Beauty*," as a present to the great National convention of about *twelve thousand* teachers, which met at St. Paul in July. We are hearing now from these eleven thousand missionaries. They are helping to spread our humane principles over this whole continent.

"THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION."

At the great annual National meeting of the teachers of the United States and Territories, at St. Paul, recently held, to which, as our readers know, we presented through Hon. Wm. E. Sheldon *five thousand copies* of "*Black Beauty*," and *six thousand copies* of "*Our Dumb Animals*," the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"Resolved: That the work of '*The American Humane Education Society*' is deserving of our hearty endorsement and sympathy, and we recommend its literature as fostering the true Christian spirit which is appearing in its higher and completer manifestations in the institutions of this country."

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.
COTTAGE CITY.

Under the Presidency of our friend Wm. A. Mowry, Ph. D., about seven hundred teachers, from all parts of the country, have assembled this summer at the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.

Through the kindness of Mr. Mowry, we have distributed to the teachers copies of this paper; and they have bought a large number of copies of "*Black Beauty*."

President Mowry is also an influential member of the Boston School Committee, and kindly aided us in having "*Black Beauty*" adopted as supplementary reading in all our Boston Grammar Schools.

BRAZIL.

We are in receipt of a most interesting letter from Brazil, setting forth the *appalling cruelties* practised in that country upon the lower animals, and praying us to aid in forming our "*Bands of Mercy*" there.

Our "*American Humane Education Society*" has a pretty wide field already, and our funds are limited, but we must try and help Brazil to some extent.

We wish our "*American Humane Education Society*" had a million of dollars.

VENEZUELA.

We have a long letter from a prominent gentleman of Caracas, Venezuela, who has received a copy of our "*Black Beauty*." He tells of the need of our humane work in that country.

The same mail that brings us the news of "*Black Beauty*" in Caracas, brings us a strong editorial in its praise from the "*Tacoma Morning Globe*," Washington Territory.

GERMAN EDITION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We are contemplating having "*Black Beauty*" translated into the German language, for the purpose of reaching the hundreds of thousands of our German fellow citizens.

If our "*American Humane Education Society*" were as rich as it ought to be, we should be inclined to have "*Black Beauty*" translated and published in all the languages read and spoken in North and South America, and particularly in Mexico.

We received a few days since a letter from Dakota, asking that it be translated into Norwegian, to reach the great Norwegian population of the Northwest.

What a world of good we could do for dumb animals if we had the money to do it with!

A WIDE FIELD.

The good friends who send us for publication many articles of *local interest*, when they remember that this paper goes to editors and others over *this whole continent north of Mexico* and to numerous friends of our work in Europe, Asia, Australia, and elsewhere, to people of every form of religion and politics, and that *only twelve numbers* are issued in a year, will not wonder that we can print only a small part of what comes to us, and must frequently condense that.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, superintendent of "*The Department of Mercy*" of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, is doing a grand work in aiding, by addresses and otherwise, the forming of our "*Bands of Mercy*."

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

The question is asked us, what is the difference between "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" and "*The American Humane Education Society*"?

I answer: The object of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" is to protect dumb animals and carry humane education throughout the State of Massachusetts.

The object of "*The American Humane Education Society*" is, with the help of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," and all the outside help it can get, to found "*Humane Societies*," promote humane education, and protect from cruelty throughout this whole American continent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PLEASANT LETTER.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I send a check for *two hundred dollars*, to be applied towards sending agents over the country to inspect slaughter houses, transportation of cattle, etc.

July 20, 1890.

A FRIEND.

We are very glad to receive the above in answer to our call for a "*Special Fund*" to enable our "*American Humane Education Society*" to investigate American slaughter houses, animal transportation, and cruelties on the plains.

Will others who send us checks for this fund please kindly give us permission, when they can, to publish their names with their gifts.

August 8, 1890.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Please accept my check, herewith enclosed, for *fifty dollars*, which I send as a contribution towards the "*Special Fund*" required for the important Fall work of which you make mention in "*Our Dumb Animals*" for this month. Accept also the expression of my sincere and grateful regard for your labors in this humane cause.

Respectfully,

No. 4 COURT HOUSE, BOSTON, Aug. 11, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I enclose my check for one hundred dollars, for the noble work of "*The American Humane Education Society*." I can find no fitting words to express my thankfulness for the good which you are doing, or my admiration for your devotion to your life-work.

I wish you could send "*Our Dumb Animals*" into every household in the land.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. A. BARNARD.

WE HAVE FAITH TO BELIEVE.

We have faith to believe the time will come when the rich men and women of this country, who are giving millions of dollars to our colleges and universities, will see the importance of *humanely* educating our American people, and the other peoples who occupy these vast continents of North and South America.

It may not be in our lifetime; but we earnestly hope before we leave this work to be able to say through these columns to all the editors of America, that wealthy men or women, having carefully investigated the plans and power for good of our "*American Humane Education Society*," have determined that it shall live through the ages as one of the most powerful missionary societies of the world, to proclaim and teach, in the words inscribed upon its seal, "*Glory to God*;" "*Peace on Earth*;" "*Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature*."

BLACK BEAUTY.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Horse.

At last accounts 103,000 copies of "Black Beauty" had been sold in London, England. We have, up to July, printed 90,000 copies here, and expect to print more than a million.

It is a book of 260 beautifully printed pages.

We print in three editions, namely:—

(1) Bound in "Boards," costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(2) Bound in "Terra Cotta" paper, costing (12) cents at our offices and (20) cents sent by mail.

(3) "Half Price" edition, bound in "Old Gold" paper, costing (6) cents at our offices and (10) cents sent by mail.

The first two editions sell at bookstores and news-stands at (25) cents a copy, and the "Half Price" edition at (15) cents a copy.

The cost of sending several hundreds by express or fast freight averages from half a cent to a cent a copy.

Following the example of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Boston, gentlemen and ladies in different parts of the country have bought many thousands to be given to drivers, children, and others in their respective cities and towns.

Following the example of our own little niece, children in various parts of the country have been doing good and making lots of money by buying and selling at above prices.

Large numbers have already been put in public schools and Sunday schools.

Address Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk St., Boston.

"Black Beauty." Boston Public Schools.

The School Committee of Boston, by unanimous vote on June 24th, adopted "Black Beauty" as supplementary reading in all the Boston Grammar Schools.

WORCESTER, July 15.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I enclose twenty-five dollars, requesting you to send me by Adams Express two hundred more copies of "Black Beauty." I cannot express the gratification and comfort I find in the fact that public attention is being so widely called to the suffering of so many of our fellow creatures, hitherto cruelly neglected. To you who have been, and are, so great an influence in effecting this change (the most striking proof of the increase of Christian civilization), the gratitude of all feeling hearts is due.

Yours in truth and appreciation,

HARRIET P. F. BURNSIDE.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out itself gets large and full of joy. This is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good by doing something for others. — Horace Mann.

THE NEW YORK CRITIC.

Probably no paper in America has established a higher reputation for sound literary criticism than "The New York Critic."

It is a great pleasure to receive a letter from its editor, calling our attention to the excellent commendatory article of upwards of a column he has written upon "Black Beauty."

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

PREPARED BY JAMES A. BLAISDELL, OF BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

Bits, 38, 149.
Blinders, 52-54.
Breaking in, well, 16-20, 99.
"badly, 32-37, 106.
Cab horses, overdriven, 171; standing in cold, 220.
Cab licenses, exorbitant, 194-196.
Check rein, with, 38-41, 57, 58, 107-110; without, 41; in carting, 227-230.
Cockneys, 137, etc.
Cruelty, effect of, 56-67, 191; interfering with, 96, 191, 192.
Docking, 49-51.
Drink habit, in grooms, 119-123, 215, 216.
Driving, 48, 72; cruelty in, 56, 106, 137.
"tight rein, 133; loose rein, 134.
Exercise, necessity of, 151, 223.
Exhausted horses, treatment for, 235.
Feed, 63, 145, 208.
Fire, management of horses in, 77, 78.
Fright from railroad trains, to cure, 19.
Groom, training for, 68-71.
Grooming, 27, 28, 41; kindness in, 42, 43, 103.
Heated horses, care for, 89; watering, 162.
Horse-balls, "Birtwick," 43.
Hunting, danger in, 12-15, 75, 128.
Instinct of horses, 61-63.
Killing horses, 200, 217.
Leg, length of, in affecting paces, 140.
Overdriving of cab horses, 171, 236, cart horses, 202; public responsible for, 204.
Overloading, 201, 227-230.
Shoes, 18; loose nails in, 121, 122.
Skittish and spirited horses, 31.
Stalls, 21, 22; slope in, 131; cleaning, 150; light in, 231.
Stones in hoof, 134, 135.
Stumbling, cause and cure, 151.
Sunday use of horses, 177, 182, 184-187.
Thrush, 151, 152.
War horses, 163-169.
Watering, 162.
Whipping, 233.
Wounds, care of; cut feet, 126; legs, 126.
Wornout horses, treatment for, 241.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

We are glad to find in the "Colorado Springs Gazette" the following indorsement of the action of "The Boston School Committee," in adopting "Black Beauty" as supplementary reading in all the "Boston Grammar Schools":—

"What I wish particularly to note is that the story is written in so simple and graphic a style, mainly in short Saxon words, that it is admirably suited to be the first book for a child to read. It has served that purpose for one of my own children, who, quite without suggestion from anybody, began to read it, and was so fascinated by it that he settled down to it like a confirmed old novel reader, day after day for a fortnight, till he had finished it. That it should take such a hold upon a child for whom reading was a great effort, seemed to me strong testimony to the interest of the story."

It is seldom that a cool, quiet man, one who can govern his own temper, has a fractious or nervous horse.—Michigan Farmer.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers
And watered the ground with tears.



A MANLY RACE WITHOUT CRUELTY.

A GREAT PREACHER.

We do not often speak of preachers by name, nor as a rule do preachers care to be paraded before the public in the columns of any of our papers. But in the present case we think we are justified in making an exception.

Everything about the preacher—his race, his color, his appearance, and the subjects of discourse, as well as the audiences to which he speaks, are so unique, peculiar, and strange, and yet so real, and what he says so practical and telling, that we wish all our readers to hear him.

He is of the equine race, in color black, of the dumb-animal persuasion, and his name is Black Beauty. Thousands upon thousands have heard him, and wish everybody else to hear him.

He tells his own life, simply, but with most wonderful effect. In doing this, he deeply interests and instructs all who hear him.

Any person wishing a copy of "Black Beauty" can get it by sending twenty cents (or ten cents) to George T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.—The "New York Parish Visitor."

THE GREAT PREACHER.

A good Episcopal friend in Philadelphia writes, calling our attention to what the August "Parish Visitor," published at 2 and 3 Bible House, New York City, says in praise of "The Great Preacher," "Black Beauty." We have just received the August "Spirit of Missions," published by the same denomination in the same building, in which we find an article urging that "Black Beauty" be put into every Episcopal Sunday School, and stating that, through the kindness of good friends, arrangements have been made to send every Rector who will write Miss Emery, 21 Bible House, New York City, a free copy post paid.

Our good friend thought that in our large exchange list we might have overlooked "The Great Preacher."

We answer, that though our daily newspaper and magazine mail is heavy (nearly sixty yesterday), and though it takes us an average of several hours a day to examine it, we intend that nothing relating to our work shall escape attention.

(From Central New Jersey Times.)

Every driver of a grocer's delivery wagon, every hackman, every cartman, and teamsters of every name, will have a copy of the wonderful book, "Black Beauty," presented to them. The work is being largely presented in the name of the "Plainfield, N. J., Band of Mercy," of the Unitarian Society,—the first Band that was organized in this place.

OUR EXCHANGES.

It is a constant pleasure to find in our daily exchanges from all parts of the country quotations from "Our Dumb Animals."

It is particularly pleasant to find in a paper so influential as "The New York Times" the following:—

TRUE COURAGE.

(From "Our Dumb Animals.")

"There is a vast difference between brutality and courage. What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize fighter—we have too much of that already—but the courage of Gen. Grant and Garibaldi,—the courage which has led thousands, when there was need, to die, not only on battlefields, but in yellow-fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross. Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life."

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

DISHORNING CATTLE.

Judge Pitman, of our Mass. Supreme Court, calls our attention to a very interesting decision in England by the Court of Queen's Bench, in which the Court (opinion given by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge) hold dishorning to be a violation of the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The case is *Ford vs. Wiley*, 1889. Reported in L. R., Queen's Bench Division, volume 23, page 204.

BOSTON, July 17, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:
Dear Sir,—You may send 50 more copies "Black Beauty," etc. This makes 250 copies I have given to the drivers of Quincy, Mass.

Truly yours,
W. J. CORTHELL, Tremont Temple, Boston.

SPREAD OIL UPON THE WATERS.

A POSSIBLE MEANS OF MAKING MANY HARBORS PERFECTLY SAFE.

To the Editor of the *Boston Herald*:—Stopping temporarily at Cottage City, I learn that at no place in the world, unless in the English channel, do more vessels pass than between this island and the shore of Cape Cod; that the only good harbor is Vineyard Haven, where, frequently, in a storm, several hundred vessels are compelled to put in; that in northeasterly storms vessels are not protected here, and many have been driven ashore; that the harbor might be made perfectly safe by a breakwater, which would cost the government a large sum.

It occurs to me to suggest through the *Herald* whether it may not be possible to invent some method of making Vineyard Haven and other harbors safe in storms by a not very expensive use of oil?

It seems to me that a steam tug, or even a life-boat, with a supply of oil and a force-pump to throw it some distance, might do the business, on the same principle that vessels at sea are beginning to be protected by the use of oil bags.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.
Cottage City, Aug. 13, 1890.

[A naval officer who read the above in the "Boston Herald" tells us the suggestion is practical, and if adopted may save many human lives.—EDITOR.]

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—William Cullen Bryant.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

(From the "Buffalo Express.")

A rather affecting sight was seen on Main Street,—a small boy leading a blind dog down the street, and stopping every few moments to pat the dog, which wagged its tail affectionately. On approaching a hydrant the boy lifted the dog up to let him drink.

DO FISHES FEEL PAIN.

A writer in "*Forest and Stream*" says: I have read many articles on the subject of whether fish, when caught on the hook, feel any pain, or whether their struggles were merely the result of finding themselves fast. I fish a great deal in the summer months for trout, bass, and pickerel, and have done so for years. I have studied the matter very carefully, and have made up my mind, from various incidents that have come under my observation, that fish are not sensitive to pain as are warm-blooded animals. I will cite two instances that show to me plainly that I must be right in my conclusions on this subject.

Last October, while fishing for pickerel on Lake Cary, Wyoming county, Pa., in company with a companion, among other fish that we caught was a pickerel that would weigh nearly if not quite three pounds. My friend pulled it up, and as it came onto the top I saw about twelve feet of a very coarse brown line hanging to it. Upon inspecting it more closely I found that the fish had in its side a very strong and coarse hook, to which the piece of line was attached. The wound must have been made a very short time previous to our catching the fish, for it was bleeding quite freely and looked very fresh, and if the fish could feel pain it would certainly have deterred it from taking our hook so soon after such an injury. There was only one other party fishing on the lake that day, as it was cold and windy, and that pickerel must have received his injury from them and have come nearly across the lake to us, dragging that piece of heavy line with him.

The other instance occurred in this way: I was fishing with a "skipping bait"—most of your readers know what this is: a piece of pork rind or a pickerel belly—and had with me a friend who, though he could handle a brigade under a heavy fire, was not up to the trick of catching fish that way. I was having fairly good sport, but he got impatient, and finally, when he had a good strike, he jerked so hard as to break his line, and away went the fish, and he at once proposed to go home; but I told him in joke if he would wait five or ten minutes I would catch that fish and get back his hook. So we sat down and had a short smoke. I soon commenced to cast my hook near where he had lost his fish. I had a strike, and to our mutual surprise out came the general's fish, with his hook well fastened in its mouth. Now, I don't think the fish would have taken the bait so soon again had it been in any pain from the hook.

[It is asserted that animals killed by other wild animals do not suffer pain. Hunters who have been seized and terribly bitten by wild animals declare that they were not conscious of pain, and it may be that fish feel no pain from the hook that catches them. But, on the other hand, it is well established that fish killed by a blow on the back of the head as soon as taken from the water, can be kept longer and are much better food than those permitted to die a natural death. We should be glad to believe that neither fish or the fish-worms used as bait suffer.—EDITOR.]

HYDROPHOBIA.

IT IS THE DOCTORS, NOT THE DISEASE,
THAT KILLS.

(From the *Boston Globe*.)

The Medical Society of Pennsylvania, in session here to-day, enjoyed the spectacle of a war of words on the subject of "Hydrophobia."

Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, took strong ground against the Pasteur method, and wanted the society to protest against the establishment of Pasteur institutes in this country. He claimed that they only excited the public, and declared that most of the so-called cases of hydrophobia were merely meningitis. He said it was the doctors, not the disease, that killed persons bitten by dogs. Then he quoted statistics to show the falsity of Pasteur's claims, and thought it peculiar that there should be over 7000 cases of hydrophobia in France in three years, while there were scarcely any across the river in Germany. He also criticised Dr. Gibsens, of the Pasteur Institute, New York, who originally differed, he said, from Pasteur, but was ignored by that gentleman, and then established a Pasteur institute.

FELINE STRATEGY.

THE COURAGE WITH WHICH THE CAT MEETS
HER CANINE ENEMIES.

The mastery of herself which a cat shows when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog, is a marvellous thing, says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*. Everybody has seen a kitten on the street doorstep attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self-possessed as if she were in her mistress' lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot, he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it," is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard, in spite of her air of perfect content. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring; her claws are unsheathed, her eyes never move for an instant from the dog; as he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plucks up his courage to grab her, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly. She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics, and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws, growling ferociously as he does so.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone! He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten; the cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.

THE ST. BERNARD DOG AND THE LAMB.

A lady had a valuable St. Bernard of excellent pedigree, carefully trained, and in all respects of well-nigh ideal excellence, save for one fault: he would kill lambs. He was beaten and imprisoned.

While matters were in this state a friendly farmer, who had upon some occasion got into his head the fact that the dog's mistress was fond of pets, sent her a cosset, gay with ribbons and looking as innocent as innocence itself. The lady was in despair. She expected that her dog would fall upon the lamb; but having in the past had much experience with pets she said that if this catastrophe was to happen she did not propose to have it postponed until she became deeply attached to the newcomer, and so deliberately led the lamb up to the dog, said to him that it was her lamb, and directed him to watch it. The dog looked at her rather wistfully, evidently requesting permission to tear the pretty innocent, but she sternly shook her head, and departing left the pair together on the lawn.

She is willing to admit—now that the trial proved successful—that she had no idea that it would, and that she expected to find the lawn strewn with the dismembered fragments of the lamb. When a few hours later she returned, however, the dog was found to have taken the lamb into his especial favor and under his especial protection. He lay down with it, he followed it about, and seemed to have become uncommonly fond of it in a way not at all allied to carnivorous instincts. In short, the lamb and the dog became the closest of friends, and as long as the two did live they continued to dwell together in peace and affection.

And the remarkable part of the tale is that from that day the dog no more molested any lambs whatsoever. It was a plain case of *similia similibus curantur*. The dog was at once and forever cured of his vice; and his fond mistress relates this story to admiring friends with mingled pride and affection.—*Boston Courier*.

Man is often fonder of his dogs than he is of his kin; but then, a dog will never contest his will.—Puck.

THE ANGELUS BELL-RINGER.

When travelling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spanish call this singular bird the bell-ringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day—morning, noon, and night. Its songs, which defy all description, succeed one another every two or three minutes, so clear, and in such resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel and the bell a bird. The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head. This tuft is of conical shape, and about four inches in length.

NOT A BAD THING.

IN GUADALAJARA.

It rather staggers the North American traveler when he visits the second city in Mexico, Guadalajara, and witnesses the refined courtesies practised by the male conductors on the street cars there. The manners of the Guadalajara are in keeping with the cheerfulness and friendliness of this city. Imagine yourself entering a street car in New York, or any city in the United States, and before taking your seat, bowing, hat in hand, to your fellow passengers, none of whom you have ever seen before.

Then suppose yourself arrived at your destination; you rise, smile a friendly farewell to the car in general, shake hands with the conductor, and, with a polite inclination of the head, take leave of the driver. The number of times I have witnessed such exhibitions of politeness convince me that it is one of the customs of the country.—*New York Tribune*.

A GOOD HEART.

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner yesterday, with the air of a starveling, says the *Detroit Free Press*, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously. "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went off one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

DON'T FRET.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret.

Go to work!
You will always have troubles around you,
You bet,
If you shirk.

The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!

Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe

That he's hit.
Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own;
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning, and quit!

—*Somerville Journal*.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture.—
CHARLES LAMB.

"DAN."

A writer in the "*Boston Post*" tells a story about a horse, which leads to the wonderment as to how much these animals know. The gentleman says he went to a large livery stable one afternoon just as a number of men who had left their horses there for safe keeping were driving from the yard. Among them was a man with a large gray horse, who looked about him with an air that seemed to say, "I know a great deal about several things; I know more than you have an idea of." He had broken into a little trot, and was evidently intent upon getting home as soon as possible.

Suddenly a man who had been watching him called out: "Dan, don't you want a piece of cake?" Instantly the horse stopped, pricked up his ears, looked about him eagerly and uttered that peculiar "whinny," which says as plainly as words can, "Where is the man who spoke just then? He is an old friend of mine."

No urging from his owner could get the horse to move an inch. The one who had

made the disturbance came forward laughing, and explained. He recognized the horse as one which he had owned several years before.

The animal's name at that time was Dan, and though it had since been changed, he remembered it instantly, and also that he was very fond of cake, and was in the habit of receiving a piece from the man whose voice he heard once more after the lapse of years.

Did not "Dan" prove that he had a memory?

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

GEO. T. ANGELL, President:

Dear Sir,—On Monday, July 21st, a valuable Scotch Collie dog was run down by a mowing machine, and his left front paw nearly severed from the leg. He was a valuable animal, and was at once taken to the office of a leading surgeon of this village, Dr. J. Redfearn, who, after examination, proceeded to close up the wound and sew its two edges together, his master holding him during the operation. After the first stitch was taken his struggles ceased, and the animal, seemingly knowing the intent of the doctor's service, licked his hand, and patiently waited until it was done. The doctor said that he showed more wisdom than many of his human patients. M. A. HOMER.

Ashland, Mass., July 22, 1890.

A slip of the pen—A young pig.



"A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

We are indebted to "*The Rural New Yorker*," New York City, for the above beautiful cut.

We wish we could have received it a little earlier in the season, but in the great South and South West, where this paper is widely read, it is not too late to adopt *this year* its humane suggestion.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

HOW LITTLE FREDDIE OBTAINED INFORMATION ON SEVERAL POINTS.

"Freddie, have you seen my spectacles?"
"Your gold-rimmed glasses, gramma?"
"Yes."
"What you wear on your nose and see through?"
"Yes; where are they?"
"The glasses that gramma gave you?"
"Yes."
"For a Christmas present?"
"Yes; tell me where they are."
"Are they the glasses that you read the Bible with, gramma?"
"Oh, yes! I'm getting impatient, Freddie. Get them for me."
"Glasses that you read about David and Geriah with, and the three children in the fiery furnace?"
"Yes; the same glasses. Tell me where they are, and quit asking so many questions."
"Do you want to read with them now, gramma?"
"No; I want to sew."
"What are you going to sew, gramma?"
"I want to hem a few handkerchiefs."
"For me?"
"No; for grandpa. Where are those glasses, you little torment?"
"You can't sew with the glasses, can you, gramma?"
"Of course I can. I can't sew without them."
"I thought you sewed with a sewing machine, gramma."
"O, you aggravating boy! Look right at me! Now tell me where those glasses are."
"Dunno."
"Have n't you seen them lately?"
"None."—*Wm. H. Switzer, in "Puck."*

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"WAIT DES A MINIT."

I have a gallant lover,
He's true as true can be;
But it's come to this, when I want a kiss
He always says to me,
"Wait des a minit."

He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
But I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
"Wait des a minit."

His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue;
And the light they send as on me they bend
"Most breaks my heart in two—"
"Wait des a minit."

His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through—
"Wait des a minit."

When I talk of love,
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minit."

I'll tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minit."
— Sandy Broad, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A GOOD PARROT STORY.

Our next door neighbor, writes a correspondent, owns an amusing parrot which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished, she holds her head to one side, and, eying her mistress, says in a sing-song tone: "*Polly is a good girl*," until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out: "*Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!*" She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth on the walks, sunning herself, and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll marched up to her, and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Poll, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

A few days later, Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with wings wide spread, following close after.

As she ran, Poll screamed in her shrillest tones, "*O Lord! O Lord!*"

A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and stooping down held out his hand. Poll lost no time in travelling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage-ground, she turned, and, looking down on her foe, screamed: "*Hello there! shoo!*"

The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come.— *The Ashland Item*.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 8158 Winchester, Ind.
Christian S. S.
I'll Try Band.
P., Rosa Frankenshtene. | 8191 Orphans' Home.
Pink Band.
P., Mrs. S. E. Phillips. | 8225 Whittier Band.
P., E. McWhinney. |
| 8159 Hope Band.
P., Mary Brumfield. | 8192 Marshall, Mich.
Trinity Church Band.
P., S. R. Schuyler. | 8226 Free Meth. S. S.
C. B. Fisk Band.
P., T. Cleveland. |
| 8160 Star Band.
P., Mrs. L. Connor. | 8193 Portland, Ind.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Harriet Sanders. | 8227 Pansy Band.
P., Hattie Kinney. |
| 8161 Lincoln Band.
P., Anna Browne. | 8194 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. W. C. Cartwright. | 8228 Kinzua, Pa.
Renwick Band.
P., Mrs. W. B. Renwick. |
| 8162 Garfield Band.
P., Mrs. Dr. Kelley. | 8195 Geo. Washington Band.
P., J. J. M. LaFollette. | 8229 Tuscarora, Ontario, Canada.
Songbird Band.
P., Rev. Geo. M. Cox. |
| 8163 Geo. Washington Band.
P., B. F. Dailey. | 8196 Lincoln Band.
P., W. C. Cartwright. | 8230 Albion, Iowa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. M. E. Russell. |
| 8164 Methodist Episcopal S. S.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Mary Wiseman. | 8197 Lily Band.
P., Emma McAdams. | 8231 Lewisville, Ind.
Methodist S. S.
Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. Cottio. |
| 8165 Lily Band.
P., Lizzie Monks. | 8198 Tulip Band.
P., Rhoda Burket. | 8232 Robin Band.
P., Mrs. Russell. |
| 8166 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Lu Mullen. | 8199 Violet Band.
P., Mrs. J. J. LaFollette. | 8233 Friends S. S.
Pansy Band.
P., Ella Boone. |
| 8167 Tulip Band.
P., Marshall Bailey. | 8200 Golden Rod Band.
P., Lizzie Sittel. | 8234 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Mattie Cope. |
| 8168 Golden Rod Band.
P., Mrs. T. S. Engle. | 8201 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Ida Rogers. | 8235 Presbyterian S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Mrs. Severton. |
| 8169 Pansy Band.
P., W. M. Ross. | 8202 Verbena Band.
P., Florence Jones. | 8236 Red Bird Band.
P., Mrs. T. B. Vandike. |
| 8170 Violet Band.
P., Blanche Hiatt. | 8203 Pansy Band.
P., Frona Cartwright. | 8237 Union S. S.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. J. Fluner. |
| 8171 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Allie Ross. | 8204 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Bowers. | 8238 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. J. Williamson. |
| 8172 Red Bird Band.
P., Bell Salter. | 8205 Friends S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Hagins. | 8239 Monticello, Ind.
Meth. Episcopal S. S.
Oriole Band.
P., Lydia Hanawelt. |
| 8173 Blue Bird Band.
P., Mullen Lewis. | 8206 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Powell. | 8240 Golden Rule Band.
P., W. S. Hartmann. |
| 8174 Robin Band.
P., J. W. Thompson. | 8207 I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. Randh. | 8241 Washington Band.
P., J. D. McCann. |
| 8175 Snow Bird Band.
P., Etta Conwa. | 8208 Evangelical S. S.
Never Fail Band.
P., Mrs. Thompson. | 8242 Presbyterian S. S.
Tulip Band.
P., Ora Orton. |
| 8176 Newlight S. S.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. M. Huston. | 8209 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Weist. | 8243 Busy Workers Band.
P., Fannie Johnson. |
| 8177 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. F. Robinson. | 8210 Hope Band.
P., Miss Easterday. | 8244 Tennyson Band.
P., Geo. Bowman. |
| 8178 Evangelical S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Lizzie Seagraves. | 8211 Star Band.
P., Mr. Haley. | 8245 Christian S. S.
Little Donors Band.
P., Maggie Shilts. |
| 8179 Lily Band.
P., Mary Wintermote. | 8212 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Morehouse. | 8246 Monticello, Ind.
Normal School.
Bowman Band.
P., Prof. J. W. Hamilton. |
| 8180 Rose Band.
P., Lizzie Yeager. | 8213 Blue Bell Band.
P., Miss Muserly. | 8247 Greensboro, Ind.
Wesleyan Meth. S. S.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Ellen Lulthult. |
| 8181 Tulip Band.
P., Kate Mier. | 8214 Presbyterian S. S.
Pansy Band.
P., Josie Haines. | 8248 Sunshine Band.
P., Emily Moore. |
| 8182 Friends S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. J. J. Portlow. | 8215 Lily Band.
P., Bee-Hammer. | 8249 Friends S. S.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Clara Ulrich. |
| 8183 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Mary Reed. | 8216 Rose Band.
P., S. W. Haines. | 8250 Lily Band.
P., Elizabeth McNew. |
| 8184 Whittier Band.
P., Love Stanley. | 8217 Tulip Band.
P., Ruth Rammey. | 8251 Rose Band.
P., Jesse Kirk. |
| 8185 Longfellow Band.
Fannie Yonker. | 8218 Crown Point, Ind.
Dickens Band.
P., Mrs. A. M. Markle. | 8252 Meth. Episcopal S. S.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Newby. |
| 8186 Presbyterian S. S.
Little Workers Band.
P., B. Edger. | 8219 Honor Brights Band.
P., Julia Krinbill. | 8253 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mr. Sanders. |
| 8187 Never Fail Band.
P., A. Anderson. | 8220 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. L. Witherell. | |
| 8188 Forget-me-not Band.
P., W. R. Kendal. | 8221 Tulip Band.
P., Emma Handley. | |
| 8189 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Dr. Bosworth. | 8222 Daniel Webster Band.
P., M. J. Mallery. | |
| 8190 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Julia Fowler. | 8223 Presbyterian S. S.
Buttercup Band.
P., Mrs. J. Fisher. | |
| | 8224 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. F. Pratt. | |

MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

A writer on the *Florida Times-Union* "saw a very pretty scene a day or two ago, after a heavy rain. A little kitten, with a blue ribbon around its neck, had wandered out into the street, and feared to cross the gutter where a swift stream dashed along. It was mewling piteously, but no one paid any attention to it. Presently there came along a great Newfoundland dog, with bright, intelligent eyes and glossy coat. Attracted by the little kitten's distress, he gazed at it a moment, then glanced quietly about him. Then he walked out into the street, picked up the kitten in his mouth and carried it gently to the sidewalk. He placed it on a dry spot, licked it kindly once or twice, wagged his bushy tail, and then went down the street."— *Boston Transcript*, July 12th.

TO HUMANELY KILL KITTENS.

It is a melancholy fact that many kittens born into this world must in the interests of humanity be killed, and the question is how it can be done most humanely. It is said by persons who have narrowly escaped drowning that their sensations were not painful. I am inclined to think that putting kittens in an ordinary flower-pot, and then plunging it upside down in a pail or tub of water, is about as humane a method as can be found. The air escapes through the hole in the bottom (or rather the top) of the flower-pot, and it instantly fills with water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

A lady told me the other day a painful little incident relating to wearing birds on your bonnets and hats. I will try and give her own words. She said:—

"One day our pastor said (during service) that when he was in Florence a lady came to him and said: 'Do come with me and hear those birds sing, oh such mournful notes!' There was a room full of birds in very small cages, and these birds were all blind; they had had their eyes put out. In the night the owners take them outside the city and hang the cages in trees. The trees are then all smeared with tar. These birds keep up their pitiful singing, and other birds are attracted to the cages, and they get stuck on the tar, and then they are caught, and their eyes are put out. And these birds are killed and sent to America for ladies to wear on their bonnets!"

"And I looked around the congregation to see what ladies had birds on their bonnets, and I was glad there was none on mine; and I don't think I can ever wear a bird again."— *Wide Awake*.



BLACK BEAUTY.

Editors' Prize Essays: \$300.

As our readers are aware, our "American Humane Education Society" offered last year to "all American editors" a prize of three hundred dollars for the best essay on "the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime," and sent to some fourteen thousand American editors condensed information on the subject.

Very able essays were written by editors in various parts of the country for the prize.

They were submitted to a committee consisting of Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of "The Boston Transcript," Hon. John W. Dickinson, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and Mr. Edwin P. Scaver, superintendent of the Boston public schools.

After very careful examination they made their decision, and we were able to announce in "Our Dumb Animals" of last March that the \$300 prize had been awarded to Nicholas P. Gilman, editor of "The Literary World;" also, that we had been able to procure two other essays, written by Harlan H. Ballard, president of the "National Agassiz Association" and editor of "The Swiss Cross," and by W. G. Todd, editor of "The Teacher's Outlook," Des Moines, Iowa, which essays came so near to winning the prize as to make the decision difficult.

The demands upon our time have been so overwhelming since last March that we have been unable to sooner use these essays. And the immense gratuitous circulation of our paper, and the low price at which we furnish it to those who pay, compel us to limit its pages or vastly increase its expense.

Mr. Gilman's essay we have been glad to have published in "Lend a Hand."

The other essays we shall be glad to loan for publication in full, and regret that for the reasons above stated we can only give our readers the following extracts from these three excellent essays:—

From Mr. Gilman's Essay.

"The societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for humane education are one of the evidences of a progressive Christianity of which we are properly most proud at the present day. They indicate an increasing thoughtfulness and a deepening refinement of feeling, which are the surest tokens of a moral civilization. Candor has often obliged Christians to admit that the general practice of so-called 'Christian' countries does not bear comparison throughout with the treatment of animals in some of the so-called 'heathen' lands. Mohammed's followers are noted for their kindness to brutes, and nothing has more impressed Christian missionaries to Buddhist countries than the gentleness universally shown to all animals. In Japan, just now for many reasons the most interesting to us of Oriental lands, Professor E. S. Morse tells us that if one picks up a stone to throw at a dog the dog does not run, because he never has had stones thrown at him, and therefore does not know what the action means. The amiable Japanese will even turn out of their way, on foot or in a vehicle, to avoid disturbing a sleeping dog! We Christians have much to learn yet from such heathens. But within the limits of Christendom there are races that can

teach the English and American people to be ashamed of their treatment of some kinds of animals. The Russians, for example, show what kindness will do in dealing with horses. A recent traveller in that country has thus spoken of the horses and the driver that took him to Count Tolstoi's door: 'The horses, three in number, were hitched abreast. They were splendid-looking animals, full of fire and spirit, and had 'go' in them, as I soon found out. . . . The harness was as light as leather can be made, there were no blinders, for these intelligent animals needed nothing of that sort, and the driver carried no whip; his voice was enough. He could make those horses do anything he pleased merely by the different tones of his voice. . . . The Ishvoshick (driver) all the while had kept up a continual talk to the horses, they apparently understanding it all and answering by doing what he wished. Interpreted, his remarks would run about like this: 'Come, pretty pigeon, let go thy legs. Go swiftly, my beauty, and thou shalt have more oats than thine eyes have seen for a month. Thou art lazy to-day, thou son of my heart. Wilt thou freeze in thy tracks here, starveling? Look out for that stone there, little feather. . . Now speed thee, old kitten! for the passenger has promised me an extra rouble if thou makest haste.'"

Our humane societies, we repeat, have done a great and noble work in educating and improving public opinion. Their good influence is visible in the legislation of our American States securing the more careful transportation of cattle, for instance, and making the docking of horses (in Massachusetts at least) a criminal offence; in the increasing condemnation by the thoughtful of the senseless check-rein and blinders; in the immediate rebuke which acts of cruelty to animals provoke in many of the older parts of our country; in the decided tone of the press, secular as well as religious, in the advocacy of kindness toward all domestic animals as the policy of prudence and goodness; and in the more constant attention to this matter in all directions which the much printing and much speaking of the advocates of our poor relations,

in the last few years, have brought about. There is every reason, in the American situation, for encouragement to continue the work of these societies and the more than seven thousand Bands of Mercy with their half a million members.

None the less, there is need of supplementing the work of these organizations by the most thorough education in the principles and the practice of kindness to animals. It is very easy to give children object-lessons in kindness to the family horse, dog, and cat. Little ones are interested in nothing more quickly than in tales of animal sagacity, and no books can be more wisely put into their hands than such as describe the good deeds of brutes, their remarkable instincts, and the sure way of attaching them to their owners.

I consider it a matter of prime importance in humane education that the child in every home should have an animal pet of some kind, in order that it may give play to its natural liking for brute companionship, and be encouraged to unselfish kindness by having at least an opportunity. The house where not a dog or a cat will be tolerated by the parents is, so far, a poor home for a child. Significant is the fact that out of some 1000 convicts in our prisons who were questioned on this point, only 12 had any animal pet in their childhood.

The natural thoughtlessness which leads boys to stone squirrels, to rob bird's nests, and to kill harmless snakes or lizards, can be cured by inquiring what harm these creatures have done them, and reminding them of the golden rule of "put yourself in his place." The reading-books in schools should never omit some pointed lessons on the rights of animals and the beauty of kindness to them. These matters should be the frequent subject of conversation between teachers and scholars, and of "pieces" spoken by the girls and boys.

Sunday schools have no more practical theme for lessons than this kindly treatment of animals.* There is no such organization better than Bands of Mercy, with their pledge to be kind to the whole animal creation. The French practice of requiring such a pledge from children preparing for the first communion, might well be imitated by the American churches.

"Kindness to animals," says the distinguished educator, Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott, of London, "besides being a habit to be taught for its own sake, is no small help in teaching kindness toward human beings."

But education is not a word to be confined to school-rooms or the family circle—especially when we mean moral education. Inculcation of kindness to man and brute is one of the foremost offices of the preacher, Protestant or Roman Catholic: the "religion of humanity," in this sense, is a gospel law needing proclamation. We should also be exceedingly watchful to see that legislation and fashion and the press and public opinion are often summoned before the bar of humane feeling to make sure of right action and right spirit on their part. The law-makers are usually ready to make additional enactments in the interest of humanity which philanthropists demand and public opinion supports.

The newspapers here in America deserve more attention than the legislators. . . . There is no doubt that full reports in the newspapers of such degrading spectacles as cock-fights, dog-fights, and prize-fights come next in malign influence to actual attendance on them. Humane education means the abolition of such indecencies and cruelties, and until they are suppressed it demands that the smallest possible publicity be given to them. With the same intention private slaughter houses are abolished and animals are killed with less pain in large abattoirs, and attendance upon the execution of criminals is confined to the necessary few. Let inevitable cruelty to man or beast be as private as possible, is the sentiment of every wise educator.

Again, the thoughtless cruelty of women in following the fashion of wearing dead birds in

* The eminent Sunday-school pupil who never missed a Sunday, but could hang nine cats for fun, had evidently had no such instruction!

their hats, and the most deliberate cruelty of scientific men in practising needless vivisection, deserve rebuke from the advocates of humane education who realize how potent are the forces of education outside the schoolroom, and how greatly even the wars of nations proceed from the cruel habits and instincts of individuals.

But if we can take the youth of both sexes in the springtime of life, and richly develop the quality of mercy in their hearts and train them to habits of kindness to all living beings, we shall render superfluous much of the formidable enginery of repression.

Education is everywhere a radical remedy, going down to the roots of character. No kind of education has more of promise in it than training in the humanities, which look first to the heart, out of which "are the issues of life," and then to the kind deeds which make life fair and keep it sweet."

From Mr. Ballard's Essay.

"I would not have men kind to cattle chiefly because 'ill treatment poisons meats and milk,' nor would I have them merciful to horses simply because when kindly used they pull more freely and trot more swiftly, though such is an undoubted fact. A noted horse fancier said to me within a week: 'If Maud S. were not treated as kindly as a girl, she would not be worth a dollar.' But I should insist everywhere and always upon the right of every animal to kindness because it is an animal, and because in a sense it is the child of our own Divine Creator.

Hiawatha had the right thought about the beavers and the squirrels, and the reindeer and the rabbit; he

"Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them Hiawatha's brothers."

The same thought was in the mind of St. Francis when he preached his sermon to the birds. "Brother birds," said he, "greatly are ye bound to praise the Creator, who clotheth you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and a purer air to breathe." What wonder that "whilst he thus spake, the little birds, marvellously moved, began to spread their wings, stretch forth their necks, and open their beaks, attentively gazing upon him?"

"St. Francis looked upon all creatures," says Mrs. Jameson, "as having a portion of that Divine principle by which he himself existed." Dr. Arnold wrote of him: "The destinies of the brute creation appeared to him a mystery which he could not approach without awe." St. Francis solved that mystery in his gentle and tender enthusiasm by admitting animals within the pale of Christian sympathy. He understood the thought of Jesus of Nazareth when he said, "Not even a sparrow" [and I suppose he would not have excluded an English sparrow] "shall fall on the ground without your Heavenly Father."

Kindness must be taught according to the same principles that are recognized in teaching natural science. If we learn to see by seeing, we must learn to feel by feeling, and we must learn to do by doing.

If we insist that our pupils must handle the minerals and plants which they are studying; if we require them to do their own work with blowpipe and microscope,—much more must we require the exercise of mercy toward living objects of compassion, and train the heart to benevolence by object-lessons in gentleness and love. As the hand must work if we would secure dexterity; and as the mind must act if we would secure intelligence, so the heart must exert itself in emotions of sympathy crowned by deeds of mercy if we would develop humanity and goodwill.

Nowhere is the folly of memory-teaching so palpable as in moral education. Ethical hand-books do not determine character. From earliest childhood, in the heart of home, by absence of all cruelty, by gentlest example of kindness, and by constant training in mercy, we must work out this highest education. Precepts have their place; the power of proverbs is proverbial, and the Divine benediction on the merciful has prevented much cruelty; pictures and songs and stories lend

their aid; children should commit to memory the Ancient Mariner and Hartleap Well; lectures and discussions help;—but, after all, one kind act [such as "Bands of Mercy" are doing] witnessed by the child, or done by him in a loving spirit, is worth all the lip instruction in the world.

It was one kind touch upon his shoulder that turned John B. Gough from a drunkard to a philanthropist. "Seven millions of animals in the great Chicago stockyards are annually protected from cruelty through the influence of one man, whose teacher, fifty years ago, up in the mountains of New Hampshire, put into his little hand some verses on kindness to animals."

Many years ago, in the wilds of Michigan, I saw a distinguished botanist look at a little flower. He held it so tenderly in his hand, and looked at its beautiful petals with such an expression of reverence and love, that I have never since that day come suddenly upon a woodland blossom without feeling a half-formed impulse to lift my hat.

When Tourgueneff was ten years old he saw his father shoot a quail. He begged the bird, and laying it in his hands breathed upon it to see whether it would recover. But she did not stir. Presently he came upon the nest. Four tiny birds were huddling close to one another, all breathing so rapidly that it seemed as though they were trembling. The boy dug a little hollow, kissed the quail on her breast, and covered her with earth. Then he cut two small twigs, stripped the bark from them, placed them in the form of a cross, bound them together with grass, and stuck them upright by the grave. "That night," says he, "I had a dream. I seemed to be in heaven. On a small cloud sits my dear quail, only now she is all white, like that little cross. Around her head is a golden halo; and it seems that it has been given to her as a reward for her sufferings. But the remarkable thing is this: from that day my passion for hunting disappeared, and I never even thought of the time when my father should give me a gun."

What more striking object-lessons in humanity could possibly be given than those daily afforded by the officers of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? In every great city, and by many a country road, it is no unusual spectacle to see an overworked and ill-used horse suddenly relieved from his burden, and freed from his brutal driver, by the strong arm which this society has stretched forth in mercy across the land from sea to sea. The greatest and perhaps least suspected effect of each arrest for cruelty is not the mere relief of the injured animal for the moment, but is the influence upon the minds of all who witness it, and especially of the young.

One beautiful Sunday morning a few weeks since, just as the church bells were beginning to call the people to worship, a little woodchuck ran out from a field, and, finding itself in the unwonted exposure of a public street, trembled, and ran timidly along, seeking some place of shelter. Two young men in holiday apparel caught sight of the frightened animal, and instantly raising a shout picked up large stones and pursued it to the death. I watched them from a distance, not supposing that they would succeed in overtaking it, but they soon got it against a close fence, and there was no escape. The poor fellow turned his eyes up to his persecutors in a vain appeal for mercy. The elder of the young gentlemen dashed a stone upon the upraised face, and crushed it to the earth. Then both with brutal glee kicked the body to make sure that life was gone, and hanging it between the pickets by its neck walked on rejoicing in their deed. When I reached the animal the body was still warm. I had a taxidermist mount it carefully, and placed it in our town museum with this label attached: "This little creature was brutally stoned and kicked to death by two young gentlemen on Sunday morning July 28, 1889." The sight of it may perhaps incline some thoughtless beholder to refrain from similar brutality.

Finally, as the heart of the race grows more humane, so its conception of the Divine Being becomes ever more tender and gracious. As an

eminent preacher said not long ago, "The time has come at last when Supreme Maliginity is an impossible conception."

And so our simple theme, like every other when followed to its end, leads our thought upward from the earth and its inhabitants, both those that are dumb and those endowed with speech, to the Divine Father of the universe, who is the impersonation of mercy and humanity, and who will at last destroy every form of cruelty and crime through the power of His gentle grace. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fating together; and a little child shall lead them."

From Mr. Todd's Essay.

"If we would have men who will consider it a crime to rob the helpless and oppress the weak, we must first have children who are taught kindness to all forms of life coming within their power, and there is no better place for this teaching than in the child's experience with domestic animals, and through illustrated stories of animal life, that so easily awaken interest and excite sympathy.

I have noticed with interest the different kind of character built up on the New England farm, where kindness to animals is the general rule, from that developed in the South West frontier of our country, where abuse of animals is probably carried to greater excess than in any other part of the United States. I have spent years enough in these two portions of our country to watch and note results, and I make no idle assertion when I say that the value of human life in society in the two sections corresponds to the methods of treating domestic animals. Where cruelty to animals was the habit of early years, I have never seen a Mexican or white man, with this legacy from youth, who was other than cruel and tyrannous to all within his power. At the same time I have never seen children, even amidst the conditions of frontier life, that naturally tend to hardness of nerve and general insensibility, who were brought up to be kind to domestic animals, who did not continue to be generally kind and considerate of all. In view of these and other facts which I have noted in the South West, I venture the assertion that there would be no surer way of improving society in such a State as Texas, for example, than by systematic efforts there to induce the development of kindness to animals among children.

The greater part of the so-called Texas ponies are greatly injured by the cruel methods of breaking them, and the loss to their owners is immense. That these methods are needless my experience in handling these animals for some eight years proves. The mustang is one of the most intelligent horses in America. He will yield to the human will without cruelty, and usually without "bucking." When accustomed to his work gradually, and taught one thing at a time, he is fearless, full of endurance, patient, reliable; so gentle as to follow his master into the house at a word, and to allow him to shoot from his back, or stand motionless as his master gathers fruit standing on him. It is commonly said that the "plantation mule will serve a man twenty years in order to find a chance to kill him." The truth of this depends wholly upon the kind of man who handles the mule. The mule is even more sensitive to the character of his owner than is the horse. If the master is often in a vicious mood, the mule will store up the same disposition; and will be very wise in choosing his opportunity for exercising it effectively. If the master is always firm and kind, the mule takes on the same mood. I have seen these animals, bought from a common lot, treated with intelligence and kindness until they were the trusty pets of women and children. And I have seen the identical animals, when put up for sale as "thoroughly gentle and kind," submit to any sort of handling from their masters, but kick at the first mule-driver who approached them with the usual oaths on his lips.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His Home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife,

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago:
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won—
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done.

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin;
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary—O Father, bid me rest.

—W. L. Alexander, in "The Christian at Work."

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

The Montague (Ga.) *Northwest* prints the following: Last Monday evening a stranger came into a saloon in Montague and asked for a drink, which was handed to him. He raised the glass to his lips, when a large dog took him by the collar and tried to pull him out of the door. A crowd collected around and attempted to take the dog off, supposing it would hurt him; but the stranger said, "Let him alone; he is my dog. I have been on a spree at Bowie, and the dog pulled me out of the saloon there and made me sober up." The stranger left without his drink, accompanied by his faithful dog.

DRESSED IN WHITE.

'T was, quite clearly I remember,
On a Sunday in September,
Sunday night;
And in church we were together,
She—a night of summer weather—
Dressed in white.

I'd no book, by some omission,
And the space of our division
Lesser grew;
Lesser grew since she, perceiving
Plight, half hers would be relieving,
Nearer drew.

Then, if fingers strayed together
Round the soft morocco leather,
In that song;
If in singing I leant nearer
To her cheek, to read the clearer,
Was it wrong?

Was it wrong? The cheek was blushing
Next to mine, and mine was flushing
Next her sighs.
If I thrilled was it amazing
At the unexpected raising
Of her eyes?

* * * * *
And, I always shall remember,
'T was a morning in December,
Frosty, bright;
That, in church again together,
She was rightly—'spite the weather—
Dressed in white.

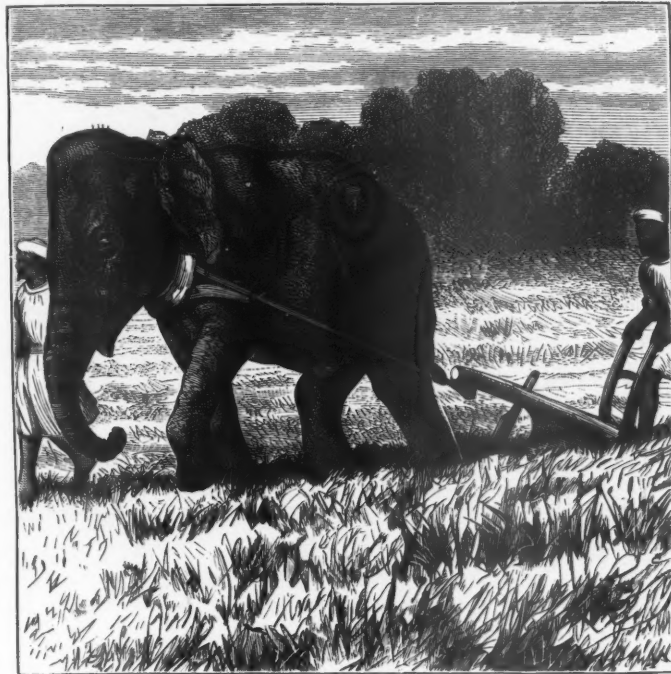
—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE TACKLED IT.

The reporter saw one of the saucy English sparrows tackle, this morning, one of the big green larvæ that infest maple trees and ultimately mature in the Sphinx moths. The worm was on the brick walk, was three inches long and over a half an inch in diameter. The formidable horns were ugly looking, but although they might have scared a schoolboy, they did not frighten the sparrow. The bird seized his wormship by the back and tried to fly away with it, but the worm was so big and squirmed so that the bird could n't carry it but a foot or two at a time. The reporter could not stop to see the combat out, but was pleased to note that an English sparrow is good for something after all. —Illinois Register.

"Each kindness shown to birds or men,
Is sure to flutter back again."

—The Rev. R. Wilton, M.A.



GREAT AND GOOD.

BOUND TO SEE THE ELEPHANT.

Some years ago a New England village was thrown into great commotion by the news that an elephant was to be exhibited in a neighboring town. The village was not large enough to induce the exhibitor to make any stay there, but his road lay through it.

The exhibition had been advertised for Monday, and Saturday night had come, with no tidings of the elephant. Sunday morning. The "sound of the church-going bell" summoned the people. Parson Adams had begun "the long prayer," and the congregation stood, devoutly attentive to all appearance. But Dr. Dobson's pew, near an open window, commanded a view of the highway, and Dr. Dobson's eyes were fixed upon the prospect. A cloud of dust arose—then—slowly above the hill opposite the window the head of the huge beast came in sight. The eager Doctor forgot the time and place, and shouting, "The elephant's coming!" went out like a dart, followed by the rest of the congregation. What Parson Adams did is not told.—June Wide Awake.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A gentleman who crossed the Atlantic a few years since on a German steamship, the "Rhine," found himself a fellow passenger with a large female elephant. The voyage was long and tempestuous. To while away the time he often visited the elephant's quarters, and at dinner filled his pockets with tit-bits, crackers, or refuse from the table, to carry to the sagacious quadruped, who soon learned to expect him and fish his pockets for the same. At his coming she would throw out her trunk and show signs of gratitude and pleasure. But at length land was reached, and business cares left little time for thought of his "companion du voyage." Several years after, elephants were quartered in Central Park, New York, for the winter, and several children of the household desired to visit them. He accompanied them, and obtained permission of the keeper to go into the building where they were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered, one elephant at once became restless,—threw out her trunk, tossed her ears, tramped her feet, etc. The keeper looked for a dog, and ordered her to be quiet; then asked: "Have you ever had anything to do with elephants?" "No," was his reply. Then his

voyage was recalled. "That is it," said the keeper, "you can go to her without danger." It was the elephant that came over on the same vessel. He went to Nellie, as the keeper called her; she became quiet, and expressed her pleasure. From an apple woman near he procured fruit and filled his pockets. She had not forgotten the old trick, but dove down with her trunk, as in the old days, until every one was found. The keeper said: "You can visit her any time. She will never forget you."

M. A. H.

CURING A BLIND GIANT.

Calcutta is a fine, large city, on the northeast coast of India, and one who lived there tells a strange but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. The patient was a huge elephant, who for a long time had suffered from a disease in his eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Dr. Webb, and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did; and after looking carefully at the giant creature, the doctor said: "The best cure that I know of is nitrate of silver: but it will give a good deal of pain."

Perhaps some of my readers whose friends have bad eyes have heard the name of this remedy.

Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it he must give it up.

But—would you believe it—the elephant, who like most of his race, was as wise as he was big, found so much relief from his first day's doctoring that when Dr. Webb visited him the next day he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his trunk, and then, just like you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing mixture was dropped into each eye, and when the sharp, short pain was gone, he gave a great sigh, as much as to say, "That's a good thing got over. I feel all the better for it." When he got up, he tried, in his poor dumb fashion, to thank his friend for giving him back his sight.

How absurd for newspapers to publish "Rules for Husbands." Any sort of wife can prescribe better rules for a husband than he can find in a newspaper.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Bulletin of the Russian Society P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
Protector of Animals. Havre, France.
Gloicester, England. Report of the Gloucester, Gloucestershire, and Ross S. P. C. A., and of the Gloucester and Cheltenham Dogs' Home, for 1889.
Tunbridge Wells, England. Fifteenth and Sixteenth Reports of the S. P. C. A., for 1888-89.



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